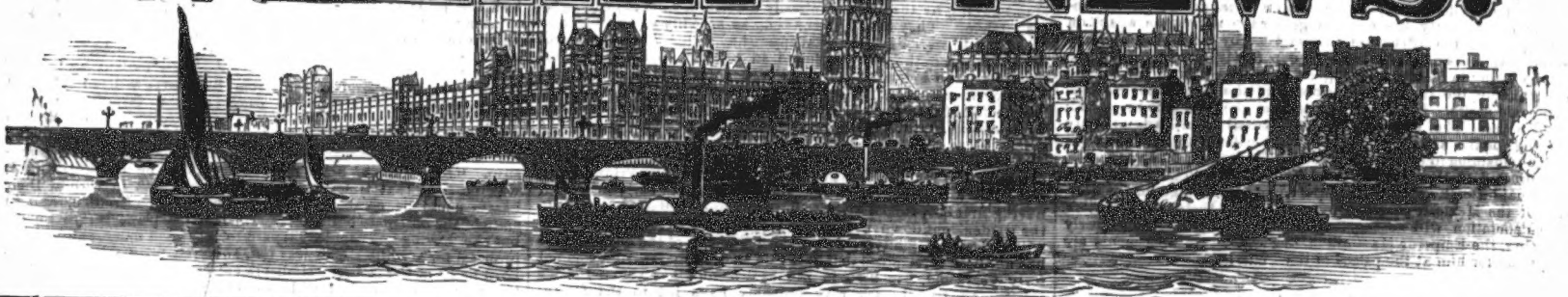


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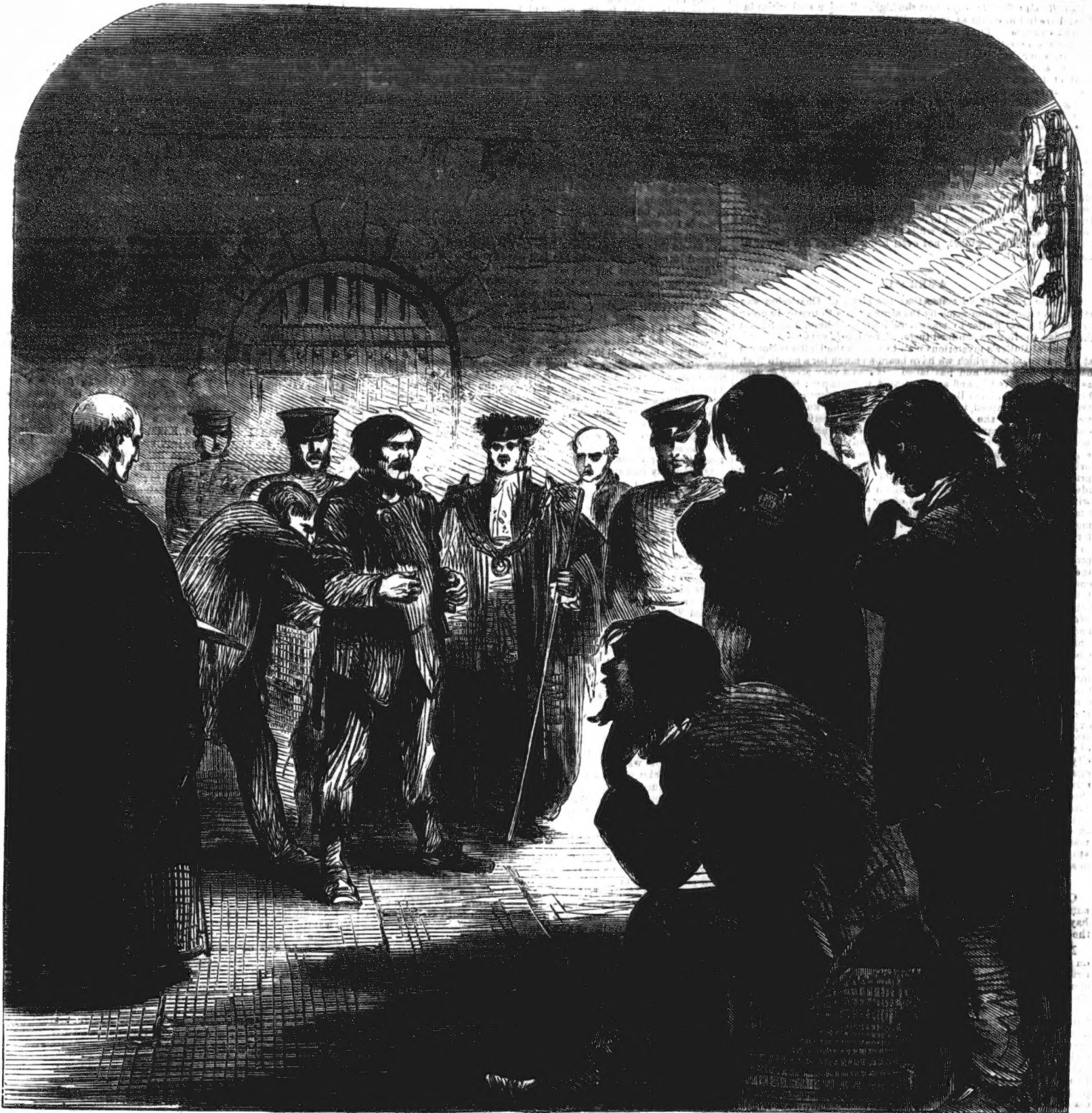
# PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 37.—VOL. I. NEW SERIES.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1864.

ONE PENNY.



THE "FLOWERY LAND" PIRATES.—THE PRESS-ROOM.—PINIONING THE PRISONERS. (See page 582.)



## Foreign News.

## FRANCE.

A Paris letter contains the following warlike news:—"Rumours not unlike those that were rife a short time before the Italian war, and which, though often declared to be unfounded, proved at the end but too true, are every third or fourth day found circulating among people who occupy themselves much with politics. Now, as then, it is said that agents, or persons calling themselves agents, are in France buying arms and munitions of war of every description for the accounts of the Italian Government, and that naval stores are purchased by them with the permission of this Government. People do not lay out money on such things for amusement; consequently the news-mongers have it that an attack on some point in the Adriatic is contemplated by the Italian Government. Austria's difficulty is Italy's opportunity."

The voting in Mexico is going on as successfully as the general commanding, the Emperor Napoleon, and the Archduke Maximilian could desire. Indeed, it is said that the result is beyond all their hopes. The members of the deputation in Paris are only waiting for the arrival of three of their colleagues with the votes of the remaining four provinces, and the deputation, being complete, will proceed to Miramar on the 5th of March, to announce, with the usual formalities, to his imperial highness, the unanimous decision of the Mexican people, conveyed through their municipalities. The deputation will accompany the Archduke, for, more properly speaking, the Emperor Maximilian, to Paris, where apartments are preparing for him at the palace of the Tuilleries.

## AUSTRIA.

A squadron of twelve Austrian men-of-war has received orders to put to sea for the protection of German merchantmen against Danish cruisers. Part of the fleet has already sailed.

## POLAND.

The *Breslau Gazette* says that the higher Russian authorities in Poland are full of doubt as to the ultimate success of Russia in the present struggle. They are convinced that notwithstanding the numberless cruelties and acts of violence, the deportation of thousands to Siberia, the imprisonment of others, the countless executions and murders, and the collection of all the troops at the disposal of Russia in Poland, not a step in advance has been gained, the insurrection still continuing, and preparing fresh forces for the spring. The indefatigable perseverance of the Poles, their faith and self-sacrifice in the field, and their contempt of death, inspire the Russians with involuntary admiration, and strengthen the conviction that to keep Poland much longer under Russian rule is impossible. The same paper adds, with reference to the execution of Jankowski, which is mentioned with universal indignation by the German press:—"If the execution of Jankowski is, as we are convinced, more than an injustice, for it is a political blunder, the mode in which the sentence was executed can still less be justified, for it proves the greatest want of consideration. Domes, a villain condemned to death for murder and rape, dies the death of a soldier, and is shot, while at the same time the hero Jankowski dies on the gibbet, not even being allowed the favour of death by a bullet."

## AMERICA.

The *New York World* states that the siege of Charleston was raised, and a diversion made by the army of the Potomac, in order to allow General Butler to make a raid upon Richmond to release the Federal prisoners confined there. The *World* says:—

"General Butler's mysterious plan to release the Union prisoners at Richmond, about which we have heard so much for a month past, has at last been tried and has failed. It was a very pretty scheme as Butler conceived it, and as it appeared upon paper; but, like all his military plans, from Big Bethel down, it was entirely impracticable. He attempted, in short, to cut the Gordian knot of difficulties into which the exchange of prisoners question had been entangled by the cunning of Old and the obtuseness of Meredith, with the sword. 'The rebel Government at Richmond,' he argued, 'treats me as an outlaw, and won't give up the Union prisoners. Why not solve the problem by capturing Richmond, prisoners, rebel Government, and all?' Big with this brilliant idea, Butler rushes up to Washington and seeks an interview with General Halleck; but that officer 'don't see it.' Secretary Stanton is then waited upon, and he, of course, is delighted, as moving upon the enemy's works without preparation or adequate force is his favourite strategy. Finally, Mr. Lincoln is seen, and, as the scheme is ingeniously absurd, he cordially gives it his approval. After much deliberation, it was decided that the army of the Potomac should make a feint across the Rappahannock, to keep Lee employed, while the real attack was to be made by an army moving briefly up the peninsula. But then, the question arose where was this army to come from. It would not do to send troops down from Washington, as their movements would be noticed by the enemy, and Butler had barely enough in his own department to guard his lines. At last the bright idea was hit upon of raising the siege of Charleston, and with the troops taken from Morris and Folly Islands to capture the rebel capital. This accounts for the news from Charleston, which has so disheartened the country. The troops were brought up to the peninsula, and sent upon their fool's errand to Richmond, and—back again. General Sedgwick, in temporary command of the army of the Potomac, did all that could be expected of him. He crossed the Rappahannock, and kept Lee employed while the raid up the peninsula was made; but the Richmond part of the programme failed, because it was absurd to suppose that a city which has been menaced for three years is not at all times proof against the attack of anything less than a great army. All such schemes to capture Richmond by a stratagem are based upon the theory that the rebel Administration is composed of a set of imprudent fools. He ends this last 'On to Richmond,' the most un-military and every explicit of the war. We do not believe this scheme involved the abandonment of any competent military commander, or that it ever had the remotest chance of success. The story that the rebels were warned of their fate by a Yankee deserter is an absurd attempt to excuse the failure."

**CHISTMAS WHISKY.**—William Mullens, a labourer, died from sunstroke on a farm near Melbourne, in Christmas week. He was haymaking, with his head uncovered. He was a new arrival in the colony.

**NOBLE CONDUCT OF A MIDSHIPMAN.**—On the 8th of January, on the passage of the *Galatea*, 26, Captain Maguire, from Vera Cruz to Jamaica, the deep sea lead line was being passed along to take sounding on the banks of the coast of Yucatan, when a seaman named John Fag became entangled in the line just as the lead was let go, and fell overboard. He held on to the line for some time, and was actually towed a short distance. Mr. Gtaker, a midshipman, who was on deck the moment the cry "A man overboard!" was heard, seeing poor Fag's situation, at once jumped after him from one of the quarter boats, although the ship was then going five or six knots. He struck out at once for the drowning man, but the poor fellow's strength was exhausted, and he sank before Mr. Gtaker could reach him. The ship was hove to, and a boat lowered, and the brave midshipman welcomed on board again by his shipmates and friends.

## Notes of the Week.

THE village of Hirwain, Glamorganshire, was on Saturday thrown into a state of excitement in consequence of its becoming known that an engineer named Evan Williams had murdered his wife by strangling her whilst asleep, and had afterwards put a period to his own existence by hanging himself from a iron hook in the ceiling of the kitchen of his dwelling-house. The first alarm was given by a little girl, a daughter of the deceased couple, who ran out of the house screaming, and in evident horror, and who, on being interrogated, said that her father and mother were both dead. The neighbours at first hoped that she was suffering from some childish fear, but on entering the house they found the man hanging by the neck as already described, from the ceiling of his kitchen. They cut down the body as speedily as possible, and found it still warm, but the vital spark had fled. They then went up-stairs, where the wife was found in bed and apparently asleep. There were no indications of any struggle having taken place, but the poor woman was quite dead, and on her body being examined it was found that she had been strangled, apparently in her sleep, by means of a cravat which was found drawn so tightly round her throat as to be to an extent embedded in the flesh. In her case also the body was not quite cold. It has been ascertained that the murderer and his victim retired to bed as usual on the Friday night, and there can be no doubt that he got up at an early hour, and having first despatched his wife in the manner indicated, went into the garden, cut down a part of a clothes line, and hanged himself with it. What motive led to the perpetration of the double crime has not been ascertained, but it is said that Williams, who was not forty years old, has been in bad health, and has suffered in his spirits, so that lunacy may probably have led to the fearful tragedy.

On Saturday, at an inquest held by Dr. Lankester, at the Royal Free Hospital, Gray's-inn-road, on view of the body of a male child, two years and a-half old, whose death was caused by being burnt, the coroner observed that the deaths of females by fire were considerably in excess of those of males. He had made a calculation, and ascertained that in the course of three years as many females had lost their lives by fire as were sacrificed from the same cause at Santiago. That was an immense number—over 2,500. This he attributed in a great measure to the extension of the dress by crinolines. There were not, on the same account, so many men as women burnt to death. Last year he held inquests on ten grown-up females who were burnt to death, while he held only two inquests upon men from the same cause.

On Sunday night, shortly before ten o'clock, a shocking occurrence took place at the Baker-street Station of the Metropolitan Underground Railway. A young woman, named Agnes Delmot, aged twenty-eight in service at 14, Pembroke-villa, Baywater, had alighted from the 9.45 train from Farringdon-street at the down platform, and the train was in motion when she discovered she had left her purse in the carriage she had just quitted, and one of the passengers held it up to her at the window. She made an attempt to run towards the carriage to secure it, but was stopped by a porter. She, however, eluded his grasp and persisted in running towards the train. In her attempt to seize the purse she slipped between the moving train and the platform. On being picked up it was found that her left leg was dreadfully shattered, and, indeed, severed just above the instep, the foot only hanging by the skin and tendons. The right leg was also much lacerated by the steps of the passing carriages. The unfortunate young woman was at once seen by several surgeons, placed in the next train for Faddington, and conveyed to St. Mary's Hospital in an insensible state. Mr. Gascoigne and other surgeons held a consultation, and in consequence of the frightfully shattered state of the bones of the left leg immediate amputation was determined upon, and the limb was severed just below the knee joint.

A RAILWAY accident of rather a serious nature took place on Saturday night at a place called Chorlton, near Kidderminster. The engine of a goods train broke down on the line. It was understood that the guard of the train went back to deposit fog signals; but if he did they were unheeded, for an express train coming up soon afterwards dashed right into the middle of the goods carriages. The passengers were severely shaken and cut, and so were the railway servants on the train, but no lives were lost. The destruction of property was considerable.

On Monday morning, shortly before eight o'clock, a serious accident occurred to a man named John Vorley, aged thirty-eight years, a cab-driver, who it appears had taken a fare to the end of Newgate-street, and when he reached a spot which commanded a view of the scaffold he got upon the top of his vehicle with other persons to witness the execution. He had not been there many minutes before the cab by some means suddenly moved on, and he fell to the ground, whereby he sustained a severe scalp wound on the side of the head. He was conveyed to the accident ward of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where Mr. W. L. Nash, the resident house-surgeon, rendered assistance, and subsequently the injured man was conveyed home. Another accident happened to a man named William Whitehead, aged thirty-two years, a carman, who proceeded to the scene of the execution, and placed himself between the barriers at the corner of Giltspur-street, facing the end of the Old Bailey, and when the pressure of the crowd became very great at the time the five men were being "turned off," he screamed to be released, and was fearfully injured. No time was lost in removing him to the hospital, where it was ascertained that his ribs were fractured, and that he had sustained other internal injuries.

**VERY GOOD BLACK FELLOWS.**—Sir Dominick Daly, the Governor of South Australia, recently paid a visit to Port Elliot; and while there he was informed that the aborigines were desirous of presenting him with an address. His excellency at once acceded to their request, and about forty able-bodied natives drew up in line four deep, making by signal a profound salaam, and saying with one voice, "Good morning, Governor." The address was then read by Mr. H. O. Scarfe. The Governor, in his reply, expressed the great pleasure he felt in seeing so good a muster of their tribe, and his greater gratification on being assured that they were industrious in their habits, many of them capable of making and carrying out contracts for reaping with satisfaction and good faith, and promised them that their interests should at all times receive his best attention, and that their good wishes to the Queen of England should be forwarded in proper course. The natives gave three lusty cheers in such good time as to call forth an expression from his excellency, that at any rate they could do that as well as any white fellow. The address was as follows:—"God save Queen along England.—To his excellency Sir Dominick Daly, Governor of South Australia, all same Queen. We, Port Elliot blackfellows, big one glad see you sit down here little bit. You very good man came Port Elliot. We should like give you something, we very poor, we no got wallaby, no kangaroo, only piccaninny wood for fire now whitefellow cut all up; but we very good blackfellows, we no steal, no kill whitefellow like north. We no know them. We wish you live as no crack him back big long time. We wish you ask whitefellows in big warlike along Adelaide, let us have tomahawks and shirts we be very glad. We wish you send big one letter along England ask Queen send tobacco and tuck out. Tell Queen we very good blackfellows. You very good man Governor, we wish you well no more, now good bye. Our names—Poole, Tankey, Harry, Brady, Luley, Billy, Tommy, Frank, Fred, Morley, George, Jack, Francis, Old William, and King John."—*South Australian Advertiser.*

## ANOTHER ABDUCTION CASE.

THE case of the pretty girl of Enniskillen, who was wooed and won for, in the first place, her money, and, in the second place, perhaps herself, is not fated to be without a parallel in many of its details. Strange and irregular marriages like misfortunes, don't come singly. Susanna Quinton, of Enniskillen, got a lover and a husband because she had £1,000. Susanna Bolton, of the county Wexford, whose case we are about to narrate got a lover and a husband because her father had boasted that £1,000 would be her marriage portion. The two Julieta are Protestants; the two Romeos, Catholics. In each case Romeo carried Juliet off, got married irregularly and illegally, and is now in the happy meshes of the law. Richard Bolton is a well-to-do farmer, in the county of Wexford. He lives at Ballycarnew, on 200 acres of freehold. He had a daughter, Susan, just turned eighteen, a pretty, dark-eyed lass, the pride of his heart. Latterly, Farmer Bolton had been thinking on his daughter's matrimonial prospects, and it was well known in the village that he had expressed his intention of giving her the tidy sum of £1,000, with which to commence house-keeping as soon as she found "a lover both gallant and gay." About two miles and a half from Ballycarnew lived Michael Kavanagh, a carpenter. He came to the farm-house, saw Susan, and conquered. But he was a poor carpenter, and a Roman Catholic besides, and the stout farmer would not have him, and told him so. The carpenter, nothing daunted, continued his courtship. "None but the brave deserve the fair," he thought, and it was possible that if he could get his innamorata to Dublin their hearts could be combined in one without much trouble, and in spite of the obstinate old father. He laid his plans before Susan, but she, having a scrupulous regard for her good name, rejected the proposal for a while. She was not, however, filled with the stubborn blood of her father. Michael's entreaties and her own affection induced her to yield, and on the 19th of September last, when Ballycarnew was wrapped in slumber, the pair eloped for Dublin. "Such is the power of mighty love." But they found in Dublin that they could not be married in such an off-handed way as they thought. They went to lodge with one Margaret Roache, in Hardwicke-place, and subsequently with John Collins, cab proprietor, of No. 4, Mountjoy-place. They spent a month thus unmarried, and it became necessary that they should go home; but Susan would not go until she was married. The banns had been forbidden at the registrar's, and nothing could be done at the Consistory Court without paper. John Collins volunteered to help them out of their difficulty. He accompanied them to the Consistory Court on the 13th of October, and represented himself to be her legal natural father, "for the purpose of obtaining a license from the surrogate of the arch-diocese of Dublin for the solemnization of marriage between Susanna Bolton and Michael Kavanagh." He further said that his name was John Bolton, and affixed his mark to a consent in writing authorizing the marriage. Mary Anne Roache and Michael Kavanagh were present, and helped the deceit by making an affidavit that Collins was the father of the girl. The ceremony took place shortly afterwards, and all went merry for a while. But trouble came before the honeymoon was long over. Mr. Kavanagh wanted his spouse to go to mass with him. She refused, and disputes arose, in the course of which the means taken to procure the marriage came to light. Farmer Bolton communicated with the authorities, and the result was that John Collins and Mary Anne Roache were on Saturday morning last placed in the dock at the Chapel-street Police-office, before Mr. Stronge, charged with making a false declaration to procure the marriage of Susanna Bolton, otherwise Kavanagh. Mr. Kavanagh is now "on his keeping," and can't be found. Mrs. Kavanagh made an affidavit setting forth the facts of the case as above narrated.

Mr. John Martin appeared to prosecute; Mr. Ennis appeared for Collins; and Mr. John Norwood, barrister, appeared for Roache. Richard Bolton, father of the girl, deposed that his daughter was a minor, having been born on the 17th of January, 1846, and that he never, directly or indirectly, gave his consent to her marriage, nor was he present at it.

Cross-examined by Mr. Ennis: Where did you first see your daughter after her elopement? In Gorey, after she came from Dublin, about three weeks afterwards. Kavanagh and she told me they were married. They lived with his father. When I heard of her elopement I went to old Kavanagh, and asked him about my daughter. He told me she was away with his son. I asked him where they had gone to, and he would not tell me. I said, "If you do not send her home, I will never give her a penny of a fortune, and you may as well send her home." I proceeded then to Dublin to make inquiries, and remained there a day or so. That was ten days after they went away. I found out that they were not married, and also where they lived; but they kept away from the house, for old Pat Kavanagh came to Dublin with me when he found out my intention, and as he got to the house before me, he took them away. I then gave notice to the police.

Susan Bolton, otherwise Kavanagh, was also examined. In answer to Mr. Ennis, she deposed that she was a month in Dublin, all but a day or two, before her marriage, and that during the greater portion of that time the man Collins took the greatest possible care of her, allowing her to sleep with his wife.

Did you submit to any person, that for the sake of your character you ought to get married before you could go back to the country?—No.

Did it strike you that your character was compromised by being away with a young man that way without being married to him?—Yes, of course.

Did you say you could not return home unless you were married?—I said it would be wrong—of course it would be wrong.

You implied several persons to assist you to get married?—No; but several persons liberally assisted me.

Were you anxious to get married to the young man?—I was.

I suppose you loved him?—(After a pause.) Well, I did.

Cross-examined by Mr. Norwood: Did you not implore Mary Roache to assist you to get married?—I did not implore her; she came quite freely. I asked her.

By Mr. Martin: Did the male prisoner attend upon the occasion of the marriage, and give you away as your father?—Yes.

The magistrate adjourned the case, in order that the original papers from the Consistorial Court might be produced. He accepted bail for the prisoner.

THE King of the Belgians, it is thought, will be one of the sponsors to the infant prince.

**EXETER HALL.**—Mendelssohn's "Elijah" will be performed, for the last time this season, by the National Choral Society, on Wednesday, the 2nd of March, under the direction of Mr. G. W. Martin, with a band and chorus of 700. Principal vocalists, Madame Rudersdorf, Miss Emma Heywood, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley; organist, Mr. John G. Boardman.

An old gentleman of the name of Hankin died on the 26th of last November. He had lodged in the house of Mrs. Read, who buried him on the 28th, and this and other circumstances having excited suspicion the body was exhumed, when it was found that he had been buried almost in a nude state, though his own relations had provided grave-clothes for him. It was also admitted by Mrs. Read in evidence, that she and her children had about £400 given to them by the deceased prior to his death, though she told the relatives that the deceased had no money. The contents of the deceased man's stomach were subjected to a scientific analysis, but no trace of poison was discovered. The jury, therefore, returned a verdict of "Death from natural causes," expressing at the same time their dissatisfaction with the conduct of Mrs. Read.



## General News.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Puller, M.P. for Hertfordshire, which occurred unexpectedly, and after a short illness.

The *Ost Deutsche Post* states that a fall of snow, nearly black, took place a few days back at Pukersdorf, in Austria. On being examined with a microscope, it was found to be covered with exceedingly small insects, which had given to it the dark colour.

The *Wanderer* tells a droll story of an incident at the fancy fair at Peeth. The stalls were, as usual, tenanted by young, noble, and beautiful ladies. An Hungarian noble, the Count P. de S., approached too near the charming Countess Z., who commenced, of course, insisting on his selecting some article from her stall. "Is there nothing that will suit you?" "Yes, a kiss." And as the lady seemed to hesitate, he pressed the subject. "How much?" "A thousand florins." He drew the note from his pocket-book, laid it on the counter, leant over, and obtained the promised quod non; the noble lady going through the ceremony not as the Lady Godiva rode through the streets of Coventry, where every window was discreetly closed, but *coram publico* in the presence of many a peeping Tom. The count is esteemed to have made a good bargain, since the lady is reputed as virtuous as beautiful.

Among the recent promotions at the English bar we find the name of a co-religionist, John Simon, Esq., of the Middle Temple, who, according to the *London Gazette* of Friday last, has been called to the degree of serjeant-at-law. The learned gentleman, we understand, went through the ancient ceremony of receiving the "coif" (the insignia of his rank) from the Lord Chancellor, at the House of Lords, on Thursday, the 11th inst. Mr. Serjeant Simon is the first Jewish member of the English bar who has attained this rank—the most ancient at the bar; and we heartily congratulate him on his well-earned promotion. — *Jewish Chronicle*.

A Bill has been introduced into Parliament by Mr. O. Forster, to abolish the forfeiture of lands and goods on convictions of felony.

Mr. WILLIAM EWART has given notice that, on the first opportunity after Easter, he will move for the repeal of the punishment of death.

An officer of the Alabama, who left that ship in consequence of a quarrel with Captain Semmes, states that the Alabama has the very best telescopes on board. A look-out man is always kept at the masthead. As soon as the faintest symptom of a sail is descried Semmes goes to the masthead himself, and if there is the slightest probability that the stranger is a man-of-war, the Alabama is driven with full steam on out of sight, and, if possible, in a totally opposite direction to that of the strange sail.

Whilst the Danes were making their preparations for the defence of the Dannewerke they found it advisable to cover the tops of the palisades with a *cheveux-de-frise*, and the work was just completed when they abandoned the position. In the innocence of his heart the blacksmith who had taken the contract asked for an interview with Field Marshal von Wrangel, and presented him with his little bill for the work done, imagining, with charming naivete, that the Prussians, as the present possessors of the Dannewerke, were responsible for all outstanding liabilities, and he was not a little disconcerted to hear the field-marshal congratulate him on having accomplished his work so well, and express his hopes that he would soon receive payment—from the Danes.

At an immense meeting held in the Rotunda, Dublin, on Monday evening by the O'Donoghue and Mr. A. M. Sullivan, to protest against the erection of a statue to Prince Albert in College-green, the Fenian Brotherhood stormed the platform, routed the chairman and committee, and after a desperate fight of fifteen minutes remained masters of the ground, waving a green flag and flourishing a naked sword. Some of the combatants wore the American uniform. The excitement and tumult were terrific.

THE Rev. John McLaughlin has been committed to the goal of Enniscorthy, charged with aiding and abetting in the celebration of a marriage between Peterson, an attorney's clerk, and Miss Quinton, a ward of Chancery, and a preliminary application was made on Saturday towards admitting him to bail.

LORD AND LADY PALMERSTON entertained his excellency the French ambassador and a select party at dinner on Saturday evening, previous to Lady Palmerston's usual reception, which was brilliantly attended. It was remarked that both the Austrian and Prussian ambassadors were absent.

LETTERS from Vienna state that the French Government will agree to leave its expeditionary army in Mexico for three years after the Archduke Maximilian is established there, and will recall it a third at a time. During this period it will assist in organizing a native army, to be provisionally fixed at twelve thousand men. The French Government, too, will allow the Mexican Government twelve years to pay off the expense of the expedition.

THE Channel squadron under the command of Rear-Admiral Dacres, C.B., now in the Tagus, has been ordered to return to England, and to assemble in Portland Roads, where it will await further orders.

THE Liverpool Shakespeare Tercentenary Committee have failed to get up a decent celebration programme. The Mayor, Mr. Charles Mosley, has resolved to give a Shakespearean fancy dress ball at the Town Hall on the evening of the 21st April, and throw open the theatres on the night following.

A RETURN was issued on Saturday showing the number of steam ships afloat and building, together with the number of effective sailing ships on the 1st of the present month:—The total screw steam ships afloat was 400, of paddle, 106—total, 506. The number of screw ships building was thirty-seven, and of paddle one. The effective of sailing ships afloat on the 1st inst. was eighty-six, making a total of 680 steam and sailing ships afloat and building. The building of three line-of-battle ships, three frigates, two corvettes, three sloops, and five gun vessels has been suspended, and two other frigates, now on the stocks, are ordered to be taken down.

A PARAGRAPH lately published has given some annoyance to the Prince of Wales. His royal highness is said to have forwarded to the widow of a Coast-guardman the munificent sum of £50. The simple fact is the Prince of Wales headed with a donation of £10 10s. a subscription in aid of the widow of a Coast-guardman, who recently lost his life in attempting to save that of a fisherman. — *Evening Paper*.

EXPERIMENTS were made a few days ago in the port of Rochelle to test the qualities of a submarine vessel of war, the invention of Captain Bourgeois, of the French navy. An immense number of spectators were assembled to witness them. The vessel was stated to be so constructed as to admit of being almost instantly submerged by compressed air and a peculiar apparatus with which it was provided. The only part that remains visible is a small tower, whence the commander may observe the position and motions of the ship to be attacked, and direct his men which way to steer in order to strike her hull with the formidable spar which constitutes the chief means of attack of the new contrivance. The experiments, however, were not satisfactory. More than an hour elapsed before the new vessel got under water with an indolent sort of saw motion. She slowly performed the whole distance from one end of the port to the other, and then veered round to return. On nearing the starting point she very nearly ran foul of one of the vessels in the port, whereby the power of her spur would have been tested in rather an unexpected and unwelcome manner. This first trial, however, met with indulgence from the spectators, it being evident that with some improvements the new contrivance might become a terrible engine of war. — *Galignani*.

## THE WAR IN THE NORTH OF EUROPE.

A LETTER from the island of Alsens contains the following:—

"By their command of the sea the Danes flatter themselves they will always have it in their power, not only to land small forces of 6,000 or 7,000 men, wherewith to harass their enemy at the various points where the inlets or fjords of Kiel, Eckernförde, the Schlei, Flensburg, Apenrade, and Hadersleben offer them many advantages, but also to carry on a destructive maritime war against the German ports in the Baltic, and their shipping in all the Northern Seas. Already the Danish cruisers have fallen in with more than one fair German prize, and an embargo has been laid on the vessels of the enemy's mercantile marine at Elsinore. 'The war,' the Danes contend, 'is in a great measure at an end for the Germans; but it is only beginning for themselves. Although, very naturally, the spirit of the army here is anything but broken, and the wish to continue the struggle is far from the hope that the struggle should continue, I fancy I can descry symptoms of milder and more conciliatory views in high quarters. The King is about to leave us to-day, and his proclamation, which was published yesterday, and must reach England long before this letter, breathes, as you will see, no very implacable or desperate resolution to shed blood. Indeed, there are not a few here who look upon the whole war in Schleswig as a mere farce, in which his Majesty Christian IX. has been playing a prominent part. The retreat from the Dannewerke, their surprise, was a settled matter at the time that the King left Schleswig on the night of Wednesday, the 3rd, two days before orders were given for the evacuation of the Dannewerke. Altogether the King and Government are charged with having unfairly dealt with the army. The word 'treason,' which was shouted by the Copenhagen mob at the top of their voices, is uttered here in low, but ominous murmurs. I do not suppose, however, that there was any treachery in the case—only great irresolution and helplessness. The Danish Government thought it was due to their honour to reject the peremptory intimation of Field-Marshal Wrangel, and to make some show of defending the Dannewerke. They hoped by such spirited conduct to win the applause of Europe, and to determine the movement of those allies who had flattered them with vague hopes of succour. But when they clearly understood, though too late, that foreign aid was altogether out of the question, that they were alone in the struggle, and that their small army was not only unequal to the task of holding the Dannewerke, but even ran the greatest risk of being attacked in the rear and having its retreat cut off, they gave orders for a retreat, which, to say nothing of the stain it left on the honour of the Danish arms, caused them losses as severe as a pitched battle. The noble behaviour of the army and their heroic endurance of the hardships of that disastrous march saved it from the worst consequences of blundering generalship. The army is unbroken in strength and spirit, and no more than 2,000 men are missing out of the whole of 39,000. The field artillery and most of the lighter material are safely housed in Alsens, but all Schleswig, Fredericksstadt, and the forts of the Dannewerke, with all their armament and ammunition, are gone, and the Danish army must either wait the enemy's attack in this last stronghold or limit itself to the desultory operations of what is called the *petite guerre*."

The Prussians on Monday morning, at seven o'clock, drove in the Danish outposts and occupied the village of Duppel. They were dislodged by a cannonade from the bastions. The action lasted four hours. Two Danish regiments were engaged. Two hundred men are dead and wounded, with many officers. The Prussians left many dead and wounded on the field. The Danish army is in high spirits.

## ARREST OF A FRENCH GENTLEMAN BY THE AUSTRO-PRUSSIAN AUTHORITIES.

M. EUGENE D'ARNOULT, the *Patrie's* correspondent at the theatre of war, has been arrested by the Austro-Prussian authorities. The *Patrie* denounces this act as a breach of the law of nations, and says it had applied to M. Drouyn de Lhuys for redress. M. d'Arnoult writes a letter dated "Prison of Flensburg, Feb. 14." His statement is that he left Kiel on the morning of Feb. 9, for the purpose of paying a visit to the ruins of Misdunde, as crowds of people were in the daily habit of doing. On the 10th he was arrested in Misdunde by a Prussian officer. He showed him a passport *visé* for Kiel, Schleswig, and Hamburg, but the officer would not listen to him, treated him roughly, pretended that he ought to speak German, "since he spoke Italian," took his pocket-book away from him, and packed him off to Schleswig in charge of a lieutenant and two soldiers. He was sent thither, a distance of five leagues, on the outside of a Danish gun-wagon. It was snowing hard, bitterly cold, and he had no extra clothing. From Schleswig he was taken to the Chateau de Gottorp, and handed over to some officers of the Austrian staff. These gentlemen received him at first with politeness, but the moment they heard his name they informed him that, by the express orders of Marshal Wrangel, he was to be arrested the moment he appeared in Schleswig, and sent to prison in Flensburg. The officers, however, did what they could to alleviate the hardship of his position. He was perished with cold, and his hair covered with icicles. They lit a large fire to warm him, and gave him a good meal. At ten at night, with the thermometer 15 degrees below zero, he was sent to Flensburg in an open carriage. The journey took eight hours. When he arrived his great toe was badly frozen, and he was suffering from an attack of bronchitis. There he was thrown into prison, put into a room exposed to many drafts, with nothing but a little straw and a bad blanket to comfort himself with. There he has been for four days without any change of linen, all his baggage being at Eckernförde. M. d'Arnoult learned from the commandant of the place, the only person he had seen, that this punishment was inflicted upon him on account of correspondence written by him to the *Patrie* and *Notion*, and also because of some *feuilletons* signed by him in the *Siècle*, in which Russia was hardly spoken of. He attributes his arrest entirely to a spirit of vengeance against him as a political writer, and hopes that extensive publicity may be given to his fate as a warning to other correspondents who may think of travelling in Prussia.

It is rather singular that the name of God should be spelled with four letters in almost every language, viz.:—In Latin, Deus; French, Dieu; Greek, Theos; German, Gott; Scandinavian, Odin; Swedish, Codd; Hebrew, Adon; Syrian, Adad; Persian, Agar; Tartarian, Idge; Spanish, Dios; East Indian, Egi or Zed; Turkish, Adâ; Egyptian, Aum or Zent; Japanese, Zeln; Persian, Ildan; Wal-lachian, Zene; Armenian, Chur; Irish, Diel; Danish, Alle; and others still with four letters. — *American Paper*.

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MR. JOHN ROUSE, 85, St. James-place, Piccadilly, says: "Feb. 6, 1864. For a cough of thirty-three years' standing, Hall's Lung Restorer has been of more service to me than all the medicines I ever tried." Sold in bottles, at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., &c., by T. Hall, 6, Commercial-street, Shoreditch, London, N.E., and all chemists. — *Advertisement*.

## WRECK OF THE BLACK BALL LINE OF PACKET SHIP GOLDEN AGE, OFF DUNGENESS.—ESTIMATED LOSS OF £200,000.

DURING a heavy snow storm on Friday morning, the 19th, the well-known ship Golden Age, Captain Park, one of the Black Ball line of passenger ships, on her homeward voyage from Madras to London, with a cargo on board valued at £200,000, was driven ashore in the Channel, near Dungeness, where she filled. The Golden Age was formerly an American ship, whence she was brought into the service of Messrs. Bains and Co., the owners of the Black Ball fleet. Owing to the valuable cargo which she shipped at Madras, her arrival in the Channel had been anxiously looked for, and the first that was heard of her being off the coast was on the Thursday.

A foreign galliot put into Dover in the course of that day in a damaged state, and reported that she had been run into by a large ship called the Golden Age, off the North Foreland, the vessel being in tow of a tug. The next that was heard of her was her being seen off Dungeness by the Coast-guard. How she got back so far has not been clearly reported, but it is thought that the tug might not have had sufficient power to keep the ship in tow against the driving wind and snow, and she drifted down Channel and went ashore on the Ross Bank opposite No. 2 Battery near Dungeness. When first discovered she had the main and mizen masts cut away. A heavy sea was breaking over the ship, and it was observed that many on board, crew and passengers, were in a most critical position. The Coast-guard stationed at No. 27 Tower at once volunteered to man the New Romney lifeboat and to go off to the rescue of those who were on board. A high sea was rolling in over the beach, and it was with difficulty that the boat could be got through the surf. The boat, however, was at length fairly launched, and the men in the most courageous manner succeeded in reaching the stranded ship and taking off the Trinity House pilot, the captain, some passengers, and several of the crew—in all amounting to twenty-two. Previous to the lifeboat reaching the vessel a pilot-boat, called the Queen, had managed to get alongside the ship and rescued three of the passengers and some of the crew, who were landed in the course of the day at New Romney. When the crew abandoned her the ship was about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and the next tide filled her with water. The cargo, as before stated, was most valuable, and comprised cotton, silk, indigo, and other East Indian produce, and was insured at Lloyd's and the different insurance companies for £200,000.

## EXTRAORDINARY ABANDONMENT OF A SHIP, WITH A CARGO VALUED AT £150,000.

ON Saturday a most remarkable case of ship abandonment was made known, and which excited much attention in the City. The West India mail, which arrived a few days since, brought intelligence to the underwriters at Lloyd's of the abandonment of the ship John Linn, 1,647 tons, belonging to Messrs. Fernie and Co., of Liverpool, on the 1st of January, while on her passage from Bombay to Liverpool, and that the officers and crew had been picked up in the boats. Subsequently a letter was received from the master, confirming the abandonment, and adding that when he left the ship the water was within four feet of her main beams, and nothing could save her. The large amount of insurance on the cargo—we understand about £150,000—led to inquiries as to the character of the shipments. They were found to comprise about 3,103 bales of cotton (valued at £40 per bale), 8,447 cwt. of cloves, 390 bales of wool, 130 tons of hemp, 120 tons of Corah yarn and other East India produce. It will be seen from this that the nature of the cargo was likely to keep the ship afloat, even if she filled with water. A few days after she was abandoned she was boarded by the crew of the ship Deogratum, Captain Booglettle, now at Flushing, who reported her as follows:—"In lat. 20, long. 38, fell in with the derelict ship John Linn, of Liverpool. She had only three feet of water in her, and was making not more than half an inch an hour. They laid by and sailed her for two days and a night, and could have taken her into Barbadoes had he (Captain Booglettle) been able to spare any of his crew." Assuming that this report is correct, the abandonment of this valuable ship seems somewhat unaccountable. Had Captain Booglettle succeeded in getting the valuable derelict into port his ship and crew would, probably, have been entitled to £50,000 for salvage service. The underwriters are satisfied the cargo of the John Linn will keep her afloat for weeks, and are sanguine of hearing of her being picked up and taken into some West Indian port.

## MORE DEPREDACTIONS BY THE ALABAMA.

THE *Times of India* says, in its impression of Jan. 29:—"The Confederate privateer Alabama is on our coast. She captured and burnt the American ship Emma Jane off Trevandrum on the 14th instant, and landed the captain and crew at Amjengo on the 17th instant. The Emma Jane sailed from Bombay on the 5th instant, bound to Amherst. The Alabama is now reported to be cruising off Bombay harbour, lying in wait for the American ice ship now due and for several American ships in this port under charter to put to sea within a few days. It is even expected that she may come into port for the purpose of coaling. It is certainly a very awkward consideration in our reception of Captain Semmes, should he venture in, that it is by no means certain at present whose property he has been destroying. It may be regarded as certain, that if the Northern States bring this war to a successful close, they will at once prefer a demand upon us for indemnity for the vessels and cargoes that Captain Semmes boasts that he has destroyed. Nor is it by any means certain that this demand can be successfully resisted. For the late arrest of the Alexandria, and other vessels sitting out for similar service in the ports of England, is a tacit admission that the Alabama ought not to have been allowed to leave Liverpool. It is plainly premature, therefore, to conclude that Captain Semmes is destroying American property. It is possible that it will be found at last that it is British property that he is destroying, in his long piratical cruise; and that the home tax-payer may have to pay the loss to the last farthing. Should the demand for indemnity be made—as it is certain it will be—we shall have to refer the matter to arbitration of some other Power, with the not improbable, and very unpleasant, result of finding the award given against us. Jubilations, therefore, on the part of Englishmen at the success of the Alabama are strangely out of place: for should her depredations eventually fall upon ourselves, we shall justly have made ourselves the laughing-stock of the world by our folly. Unpleasant as an award against us in this matter would be, the national interests we believe would be better served thereby than by an award in our favour."

AUSTRALIAN PORTRAITS OF THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.—The following is an extract from a private letter, which arrived yesterday:—"H. and I went a few days ago to see the White Swan Hotel, in Chandos-street, kept by a Mrs. Haller, who has a pretty daughter. As soon as H. saw the latter, she said, 'Bless me, how like you are to the Princess Alexandra.' 'Yes,' said the young lady, laughing, 'I believe so.' 'Indeed you are,' continued H.; 'has nobody ever told you so?' 'Oh, yes,' replied the other, laughing again; and then added, in an under tone, 'to tell you the truth, I have stood for a portrait of the Princess, and many hundreds of my likenesses have been sold for hers!' Then she explained that a photographic artist, who frequented the house, had asked her to oblige him by 'standing' for the purpose, and for the fun of the thing she had consented, and that is the way in which some of the exact likenesses of the Princess have been produced." — *Bathurst Times*.



## EXECUTION OF FIVE PIRATES.

On Monday morning, five of the seven pirates recently convicted at the Central Criminal Court of the murder of the captain of the ship *Flowerly Land*, on the high seas, within the jurisdiction of the Admiralty of England, on the 10th September last, were hanged in front of Newgate, in the presence of an immense concourse of people. The five were—John Lyons, or Lyons, 23 years of age; Francisco Blasco, 28; Ambrosio, or Mauricio Duranno, 25; Marcos Varios, otherwise Watto, 28; and Miguel Lopez, otherwise Joseph Chanda, and sometimes called "the Catalan," 22. Basilio de los Santos and Marcelino, who had been convicted with them, were reprieved on the previous Friday evening, so that the lives of these two have been spared. The whole of the convicts were natives of Manila, except Watto, who was a Levantine.

From the extraordinary degree of interest which the trial of the criminals excited, and still more, perhaps, from the circumstance that so many as five men at one time had not before been executed at the Old Bailey for thirty-six years—since March, 1828—it was apprehended that an enormous crowd would assemble, and the sheriffs, with Colonel Fraser, the City Commissioner of Police, made such arrangements as appeared commensurate with the occasion for the maintenance of order and the protection of life. Happily in the result these were most effective, and well suited to the emergency. Colonel Fraser had the whole of the available space from which a view of the execution could be obtained—from the Ludgate-hill entrance to the Old Bailey on the one hand, as far as Smithfield on the other—intersected by strong barriers, placed at short intervals. These lessened the pressure of the crowd, and particularly prevented the surging by which in a great multitude under great excitement life is always endangered and occasionally sacrificed. About 500 of the City police were on duty, aided by a considerable number of the metropolitan force, under Captain Labalmondiere. At some executions in recent years, as, for instance, at that of Mullens, for the Stepney murder, almost as great multitudes have assembled in the Old Bailey as that of Monday, but rarely, if ever, one where upon the whole, more order prevailed.

### THE NIGHT BEFORE THE EXECUTION.

From before sundown on Sunday hundreds had gathered in the pens which covered the place called Old Bailey. Not long indeed did they stay in one spot, for it was bitterly cold, and the public-houses stood invitingly open after five o'clock. But when darkness began to fall the throngs seemed to settle down a little, for now fresh numbers kept pouring in from east, west, north, and south—from the slums of Southwark, the dens of St. Giles's, the sinks of Somers-town, and the purlieus of Whitechapel. Costermongers rubbed shoulders with dapper clerks and shopboys, screaming women blasphemed at half tipsy men, and while there was yet an hour remaining of our usually quiet English Sunday there could not have been fewer than four or five thousand persons in the space between the debtors' door and the corner of Fleet-lane, where there seemed to be established a sort of "Change for the communication of the latest news and the latest lies. Hot potato-men cried aloud, and persons with greasy trays invited the public to buy still more greasy pastry. Roughs reviled each other at safe distance and bedraggled women in gaudy rags pushed about with more than masculine effrontery. In every window on the west side of the place were visible tokens of the carousals going on within; and every now and then would come through the holland and Venetian blinds peals of boisterous laughter—the result, perhaps, of lightness of heart—perhaps of gin. And with continued additions to the crowd, with increased blasphemy from the roughs, with more and more longing for the passing of the hours, the Sunday faded away, and there came the Black Monday of 1864. Looking at one side of the street one was tempted to quote Gay:—

"Death, on a solemn night of state,  
In all his pomp of terror sate;  
For to the murky loom of Newgate there was no relief save the one light over the governor's private door. Looking at the other there could not but occur to the mind the Hon. Mr. Suckledumbkin's story in 'The Ingoldsby Legends.' Hitherto the occupants of the rooms facing Newgate had been decorous enough to keep



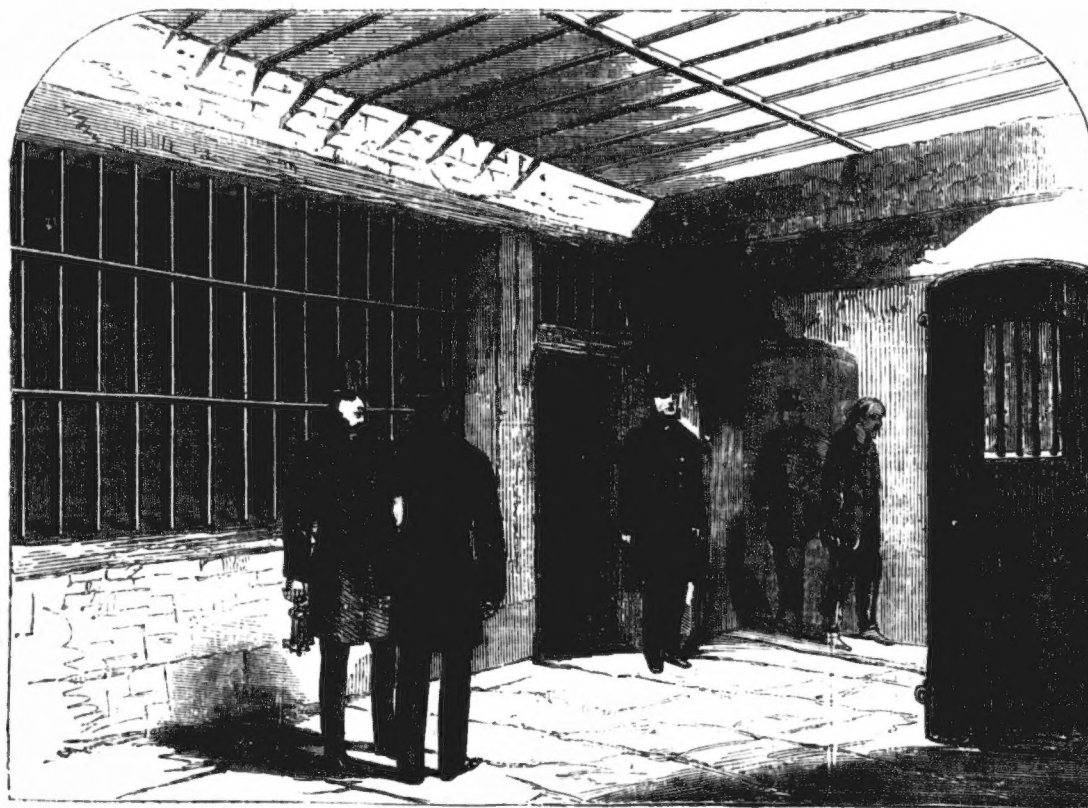
THE JURY'S RETIRING ROOM AT THE OLD BAILEY.

their blinds down; but no sooner had the chime of midnight died on the ear, than first at one room and then at another the blinds were pulled up, the windows in most of the houses were opened, and those who had been able to pay for "reserved seats" sought amusement in watching those whose standing was on the cold ground. Who were they, then, able to pay the extravagant price demanded, and setting themselves coolly to wait for the death-struggles of five fellow-creatures? Coarse people, doubtless, with plenty of money, and very little feeling? *Nouveaux riches*, mayhap, anxious to date their gentility from such a thing as a sight of Calcraft? These certainly, but not these alone. Several days ago it was—to employ the London correspondents' phrase—"whispered at the clubs" that parties to witness the execution were in course of formation. Decent people hardly believed it; but it was a fact sure enough. On Sunday night there were rendezvous at several West-end establishments, where Lord Tomnoddy, and Sir Carnaby Jenks, and Lieutenant Trogoose, were ready with lots of substantial things in the shape of fowls and hams, tongues and sandwiches, of potent liquors, especially champagne and sherry, of cigars, and—it is hardly a secret, though it may be a scandal to say—of cards, with which to while away the hours till morning. The bulk of these officers, these members of the Upper Ten Thousand, these exemplars of society, arrived about midnight, and proceeded to elbow the crowd, that they might without delay gain their secured positions. These were they whom the crowd below tried

In Newgate-street a penny ice shop did a roaring trade in muddy coffee and sticky cakes. On and about Snow-hill and Farringdon-street the night houses were tenanted by other customers than their usual patrons, the sleepy cabbies. But still there were no signs of the tremendous crowds expected and prepared for by the City authorities. There was not at this time seen among those present a single sailor; soldiers there were in plenty, but the execution was not intended as a warning to the household troops or the Royal Artillery; and reflecting people, marvelling at the disgraceful scene, could not help wondering whether the Home Secretary was right in inflicting upon the non-maritime population of London the awfulness of a quintuple execution, when every end of justice would have been better served by the hanging of the five pirates at five different ports; or, if they must have been hung together, down at Blackwall Reach.

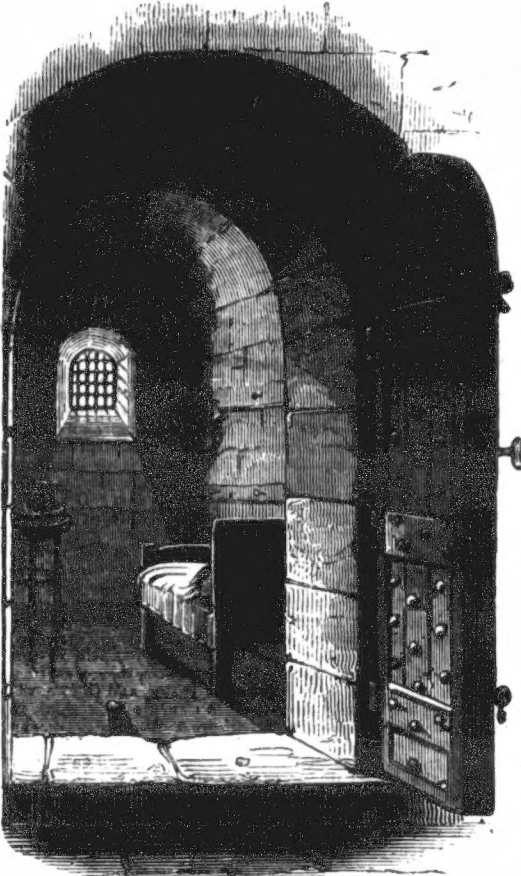
A few minutes before three the cry was raised, "Here it comes!" then the yelling was awful, while the base of the scaffold, by the aid of a team of powerful horses, was dragged into the reserved space in the middle. Hooting, cat-calls, yells, saluted the men employed, and there was almost equal commotion in the illumined windows when the hour struck from the dark tower of St. Sepulchre's, which sharply cut the cold grey clouds overhead. The rumbling of the scaffold waggon, the cries of the roughs, the senseless laughter of the people in the houses, produced on the ear a sensation as if pandemonium had broken loose.

And the fellows who had been hovering, guerrilla-like, about the outskirts of the crowd to see what they could pick up in the way of unconsidered trifles, like pocket-handkerchiefs and purses—to some purpose be it here said—now began to think that the business of the morning was not petty larceny, but the penalty of piracy and murder. So they forced their way, with some scuffling, as near to the front as possible, and ere long the space in the middle was surrounded by thousands packed like sardines in a box, like herrings in a barrel, though, in fact, like nothing but a very disorderly and ruthless crowd, intent, as the Roman populace, on seeing deadly sport, and less inclined than ever was a crowd in an amphitheatre of the Eternal City to turn up their thumbs in allowance of the mercy that would have destroyed the sight to feast their brutal eyes on which they had swarmed out of their dens. But they seemed to hold in wholesome respect the few members of the City police force who, up to this time, were on the ground. To tear the constables limb from limb would have been the task of only a moment had the crowd put forth its united strength; but in front of the rapidly rising gallows their usual dread of the "minions" of the law seemed to have intensified, and when a policeman ordered a few hundreds of them to do this or that they obeyed, and called the constable "Sir," while they did it.



THE LAST PIRATE ON HIS WAY TO THE PRESS ROOM.





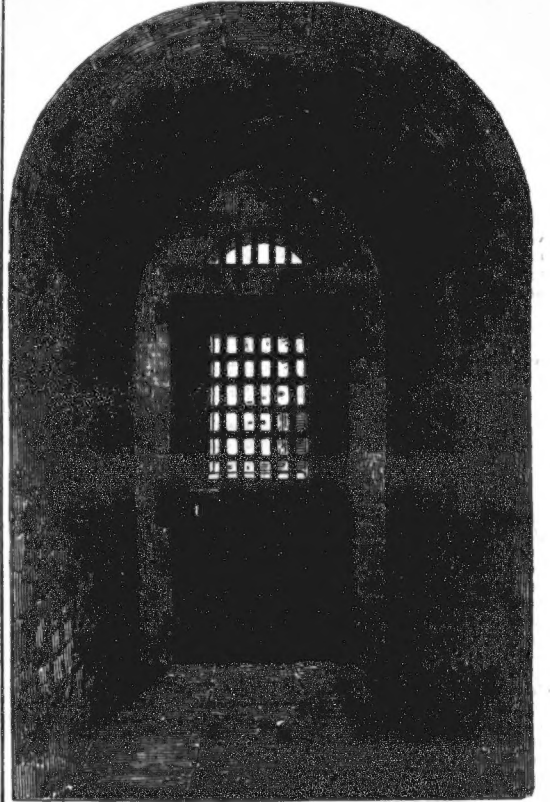
THE OLD CONDEMNED CELL, NEWGATE.

By four o'clock the scaffold was nearly ready. From the debtor's door stretched the huge structure, surmounted by the beam, to which were attached five dangling chains. The workmen had certainly not been inapt at the work, but four o'clock had passed ere the gallows waited complete for the murderers. The lower part was encompassed by a screen of black bales, the placing of which gave great offence to the crowd. The ruffians expressed their disapprobation of what may not improbably be only a step to executions inside the gaol, in tones loud enough certainly, but more notable for the blasphemy which accompanied them. It is unquestionably very hard that the populace should be deprived of the full enjoyment of the pirates' death struggles! At this time the vendors of eatables had considerably increased in number; and the shouts of the men with roasted chestnuts vied with the bawling of the orange sellers. But for any stragglers from the crowd the neighbouring public-houses, which opened at four o'clock, had a supreme attraction. The time of execution, however, was drawing nigh, and places were filling up, not fast indeed, but steadily.

Between four and five o'clock every available man of the City police was on the spot, and especially round the gallows. A large body of the metropolitan force from the various divisions kept watch and ward on the skirts of the crowd, which now began rapidly to swell. The police stood shoulder to shoulder and kept the mob well within bounds; as for the mob itself it was now bounded only by a line from the corner of Newgate-street to the corner of Skinner-street and by Ludgate-hill. Between these points the people were simply as close as they could stand or be squeezed. On the Skinner-street-hill and Ludgate-hill there were patrols of mounted police, and here and there detachments of their comrades on foot; while for some distance round the various streets were guarded by constables in couples, who prevented any loitering and passed those who wished to go into the pens to police appointed for the purpose of packing them. The marked civility of the civic force was not without its effect on the more cantankerous of the throng. They saw that they would be civilly treated if themselves were civil, and so they bridled the ill-temper naturally begotten of impatience at the long wait. But every moment now brought the people faster and faster.

As six o'clock approached the crowd largely increased, but up to this time remained not more noisy than before, few, if any, disturbances occurring. At that time, however, the principal element of a mob of this description began to put in a stronger appearance. The roughs came in greater shoals from all quarters; their swearing, cursing, and hooting were immediately taken up by those who had hitherto been comparatively peaceable, and a scene of confusion worse confounded commenced. A large body of the servants of the Religious Tract Society now came upon the scene, distributing tracts in every direction; and many succeeded in organizing small congregations, whose prayers and hymns were occasionally heard amidst the execrations of the mob, in the centre of which they invariably took up their position.

Shortly before seven o'clock, Calcraft made his appearance on the scaffold, to ascertain that the arrangements for the execution were complete. His *entrée* was hailed with a kind of familiar but suppressed hum of recognition from those in front of the gallows, which was returned with a slight bow and a smile of strange and

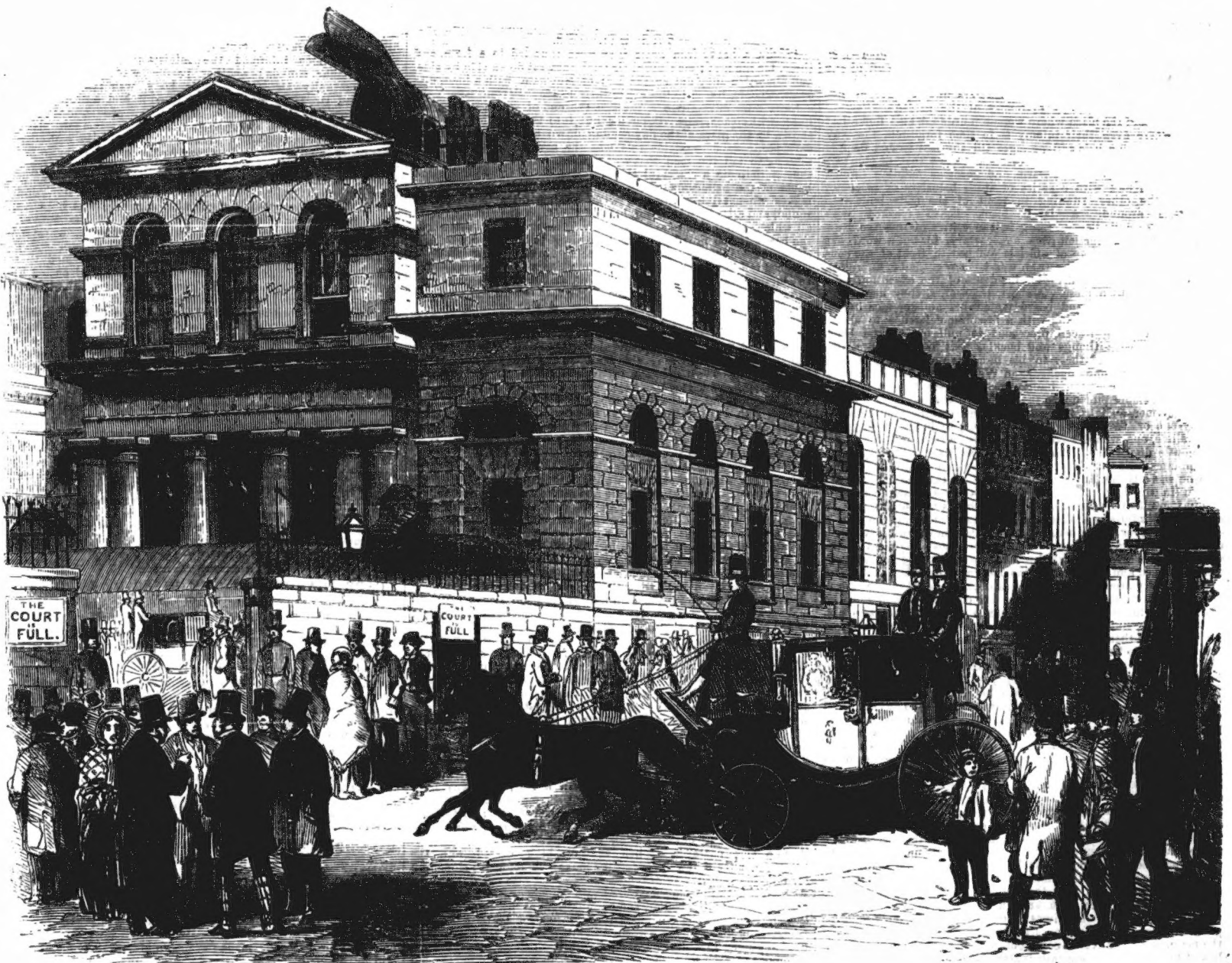


GATEWAY LEADING TO THE CRIMINAL COURT.

sinister character. After a close scrutiny of the flooring of the scaffold, and the mechanism of the drop, he quickly retired.

#### PREPARATIONS FOR THE EXECUTION.

About seven o'clock the sheriffs of London, Mr. Hilary Nicholas Nissen and Mr. Cave, with the under-sheriffs, Messrs. Nicholson and Gammon, arrived at Newgate, and were admitted by a private



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT DURING THE TRIAL OF THE PIRATES.



entrance, made for the occasion, to the Sessions-house. From an early hour in the morning the priests who had been in attendance on the doomed men since their conviction, were again with them, and remained until the last. M. Morpino, Archimandrite of the Greek Church in London-wall, attended upon the convict Watto, and the other four received the consolations of religion from the Rev. James Hussey, of the Roman Catholic Chapel in Moorfields, and Fathers Joseph Louis and Hermann, Spanish priests. At twenty minutes or so to eight, all who had any duty to perform in this dreadful act drew together in a little room, when one of the gaol officials appeared, and said that the condemned would soon be ready. They were "quite comfortable," he added, and were finishing their breakfast. On those present, who were little versed in the business-like routine with which what has to be done within the gaol on execution mornings is performed, the observation of the warder seemed astounding, though evidently meant to reassure. To others, who understood the nature of the intimidation better, it was a relief as telling how soon the whole of the painful ceremony would be over. At a quarter to eight Mr. Jense, the Governor of Newgate, entered and said quietly, "We are all ready, gentlemen," whereupon, in obedience to an old custom of the juniors proceeding first on these occasions, the under-sheriffs led the way followed by the sheriff and about a dozen officials and spectators, in a kind of rough procession, two and two. In this order they passed out from the Sessions-house, and descended the flight of steps into the court-yard of Newgate, where from beyond the massive stone walls the shouts and cries and uproar of the mob came with a loud and indistinct noise like the roar of an angry sea. It was a positive relief to escape from hearing this ravelling crowd, and to pass at once into the dim quiet of the narrow, tortuous, and almost underground passages which lead from the Court-house to what is called in the gaol the New Wing. For a short length the passage is quite subterranean, and so narrow that there was scarcely room for two to pass abreast. At nearly every forty feet there is a massive iron door, and even when the passages do at last emerge into the cold half-daylight of the early winter's morning, they are so closed in overhead with massive iron bars that the day is almost excluded. One passage, though wider than them all, was gloomier, in fact, than any, and absolutely terrible in its associations. Its walls were of extra height; the thick black iron grating crossed above it seemed almost close enough to keep out the half-thawed snow which came floating down; the pavement was ruinously uneven, and on the whitewashed walls at either side rough capital letters, coarsely carved in stone, could just be deciphered. In this forlorn, dim, close-barred prison alley, the horrors of Newgate seemed to culminate, for this is the Aeldama of our metropolis, the burying place of London murderers, the miserable spot which is horrible and infamous even to prisoners, where almost immediately after coming from the gallows the corpses of felons are huddled naked into shells full of quick lime, and thrust beneath the pavement as soon as cold. It was impossible to pass along this dreadful place of sepulture, where death is associated with what ever is dark and terrible in human destiny, without a feeling of more than awe as one looked at the significant irregularity of the pavement, and read at a glance the dreadful tales of blood which, without words, the "G" for Greenacre, or the "C" for Courvoisier, seemed to be always disclosing.

#### THE PINIONING.

Singularly enough, it is nearly forty years since London has witnessed so terrible an execution as that of Monday, and then the Cato-street conspirators suffered more for their folly than their crimes. Thistlewood and his companions occupy one end of the wall of this prison cemetery, and there has been only just room left to place Watto and his fellow-murderers under corresponding slabs of stone at the other extremity of the passage. Passing through this and the place where women murderers also find a last asylum, where even their infamy is in time forgotten, the way winds on through courts and passages till the last grated door is silently opened, and the little procession, such as that of Monday, passes suddenly into a lofty, warm, and spacious building lighted from the top, and with a series of stone balusters or balconies one over the other running in front of the cells built into the walls around. A large black board marked with the single word "Silence," hung in the centre of this the New Wing. But the injunction was unnecessary, for not a word was spoken as the little group of officials stopped in front of the condemned cells. The silence from this time was almost unbroken, but all the rest of the dreadful incidents of the execution were hurried rapidly to a close. A short, thickest, shabby man, with venerable white locks and beard which his sinister face belied, shuffled rapidly in, cringing with a fawning deference to all he passed, and opening a cell, proceeded to pull out several black leather straps, with thongs and buckles that looked at first like harness. With one of these in his hand he proceeded to the first cell, which was at once opened, and Watto was called forth to be pinioned by the common hangman. With the first call of his name Watto stepped forth into the corridor, and stood meekly before the executioner, a slight, fair, and very good-looking young man of twenty-one or twenty-two—a lad whom, to judge by physiognomy alone, one would have chosen out of a thousand for a kind and gentle disposition. His real name was Marcos Vartos, and in his indictment he was designated as of Turkish origin, but in religion he was a Greek, and was, in fact, one of that numerous class known in the Levant as low Franks, a class which comprises within its ranks the offshoots of most that is bad in Europe. In spite of his mild appearance and now meek bearing, he was, if evidence is ever to be trusted, one of the most ruthless of all these men—foremost among the plotters—most merciful of the assassins. He was attended by Mr. Morpino, and looked perfectly resigned and subdued as the hangman drew the straps and buckles rigidly around. When it was done he asked for the turnkey who had watched over him since his conviction, and when he at once came forward tried to shake hands with him and kiss him on the cheek. But the gaoler, almost shuddering, drew back from the salute, and then, and then only, did the wretched young man seem abashed and cast down beneath the ignominy of his position; nor did the explanation of his clergyman that such farewells between men were not customary in England seem at all to relieve the confusion and despondency with which he retired slowly to his cell. The next to step forth from his room was Lopez—the adviser of all the murders, the determined perpetrator of at least one—the worst-looking in countenance, and to the very moment of his death the most defiant in gesture and bearing of them all. There was no levity among the lookers-on; but it was impossible to avoid the remark made at the time—that it seemed almost as if Lopez had been hanged before, so lightly did he step forth, so rapidly did he adjust his every movement to the necessities of the hangman, and thrust his hands almost by anticipation into the straps that were to confine his dying struggles. Yet not for a second did his mere swagger, if we may use such a term at such a time, impose on those accustomed to see really brave men going to their death. So unsteady was he that every movement, even the least the hangman made to buckle the straps around him, threatened to tilt him over; his fingers were almost buckled in the way the hands were clasped together; his eyes sought every face with an anxious, dreadful glance; his lips trembled, though he tried almost incessantly to wet them with his parched tongue, but in vain. Duranno, who so cruelly assassinated the mate, was the next to come out, and he, like the two that followed him, were what are called Manilla men—that is to say, they were born in the East and spoke indifferent Spanish. They were all, however, of the pure Tartar type, flat nosed, small eyed, with low, retreating foreheads, and heads thickly covered with masses of

lank black hair like those of the North American Indians. Duranno was the first who showed signs of fear. Watto was resigned; Lopez was defiant, but Duranno seemed blanched by his fear to a dull clayey hue that was worse to look upon than the pallor of death itself. Still though his lips kept shivering, and his eyes reeled, he seemed to bear up till the hangman removed the sailor's necktie and undid the collar of his shirt. Then the death that was so near seemed to come upon him in all its bitterness, and he crept together with his limbs, and spoke a few words, in almost piteous tones, to the Roman Catholic clergyman who was with him. Blanco was even worse than this. Large beyond all the rest in stature, an overmatch for almost all the others in mere brute strength, the man who had taken the most conspicuous and relentless part in all the murders, who had struck down the mate, and boasted of having thrown him while praying for mercy into the sea, who had stabbed the captain in his sleep, and beaten the captain's brother till his very corpse was shapeless, came out from his cell as if the very agony of death was on him, so strongly did he show his fear. He seemed helpless as he was being pinioned, and sighed heavily. He, like Duranno, shuddered as his neckerchief was removed, but seemed gratified that two little copper crucifixes, which he wore round his neck, were allowed to remain, and then, speaking to the priest, asked to be permitted to carry with him two little "holy pictures," as they are called on the Continent, one of the Crucifixion, the other of the Ascension. Both were, of course, at once placed in his hands, but though he asked for them he seemed not to heed them when he had them, but kept trying to wet his lips with his tongue and rolling his eyes up above him on every side, looking, as it seemed to those around, for the scaffold on which he was to die. Leone, or Lyons, as he was called, was the last to come. Without any show of fear, but with much of sorrow, he stepped into the corridor and was pinioned, looking, as he showed himself throughout, a resigned and apparently deeply repentant man. He spoke English tolerably well, and when his hands and elbows were closely fastened to his side he leant forward and in a few broken words said to Mr. Sheriff Cave that quite admitted the justice of his punishment, but until then he had never seen how wicked his crime had been or how deserving it was of death. This was the only approach to a public confession made by any of the men. The Roman Catholic clergyman who attended the others kept their confessions rigidly secret, as is the rule of faith with them, though it was somehow understood that all had acknowledged the justice of their sentences more or less directly. In explanation of what Leone said about not knowing how much he deserved his death for what he did it may be mentioned that nearly all the prisoners have stated to the sheriffs since their condemnation that they would never have been driven into mutiny and murder had they not been nearly starved and kept on a pint of water a day while in the tropics. After such statements it seems incumbent on the owners of the ship *Flowerly Land* to prove how she was victualled and watered for her voyage to China, and what was the actual provision made for the crew, almost the last of whom died on Monday.

When Leone retired to his cell the hangman left, and in a minute afterwards a signal was given, and one after another the five men were brought out, each between two warders, and then a somewhat hurried move was made through the passages again, but this time across another court-yard towards the front of the gaol, over the walls of which could be heard reverberating the dismal tolling of St. Sepulchre's bell, and worse than all, the impatient, clamorous, roaring hum of the crowd outside.

#### THE GALLOWS.

Within a heavy iron grate they were thus led to a form, and there, for the first time since their trial, they sat down side by side, and almost as they did so the bell of Newgate, with a loud, discordant boom, began to toll above their heads. Beyond where the culprits were sitting was a passage, the end of which was thinly hung with black, and which led out into the open air, as was shown by the glare of the day coming down between the narrow, dark stone walls. Outside this was the scaffold. But it needed nothing to tell the men that within a few feet of where they sat they were to die a shameful and a violent death, for with the first boom of the bell came in the hoarse murmur that a multitude makes when talking, mingled with an indescribable trampling sound, and cries of "Hats off, hats off." "They are coming," amid all which, and the noise and sway of a great crowd, the bell above the heads of the now fast dying men went tolling rapidly on. It sounded more like an alarm than a knell. Its clamour would have silenced talking if any wished to talk. But nothing now was said, as Duranno and Blanco leant back faint, and the others seemed to listen with dreadful faces, now looking up to where the clang of the bell came down upon them, then glancing with quivering lips through the passage which just let in the daylight and the noise of the crowd, but allowed nothing to be seen beyond. The old hangman left to take a glimpse at the scaffold, and see that all was ready, and after him went one or two officials, furtively glancing at the mass of human beings which swarmed through Newgate-street into Smithfield, which thronged the house tops and windows far and near, all looking with white up-turned faces to where the dingy gibbet with its five short links of chain stood in front of the Debtor's Door. Scarcely a minute was thus passed when the hangman returned and hurried out with young Watto, at the sight of whom there was a renewed cry from the multitude outside. Perhaps at the sight of his comrade in guilt thus borne away, perhaps at the sound of the mob without, Duranno turned pale and faint, and asked for Blanco. Water and brandy both were brought, and Duranno and Blanco both drank a little of the spirit raw, and were then hurried off. Lopez was called next, but as he rose there was a half shout, half scream from the crowd outside, for Blanco, the most powerful of all the murderers, and supposed to have been the most hardened, had fainted with the rope round his neck, and was, in fact, hanging till the warders ran back to fetch a chair, in which the wretched man was propped up till the drop fell. Lopez and Leone now remained alone on the bench, Lopez careless as usual, though quiet; Leone resigned, and apparently absorbed in thought and prayer. Again Lopez was told to rise, but again there was a delay, of which he took advantage to ask for something to drink. Water was put to his mouth, but he spat it out and turned away his head through the feverish eagerness with which he swallowed some brandy was awful to behold. Then he rose, and as he stood hearing the bell toll his desperate spirit at last gave way, and his eyes filled with tears, which he tried in vain to raise his pinioned hands to wipe away. Then he, too, went out with a light, jaunty step, and was almost immediately followed by Leone. There was deep silence now within and without the gaol, and none of the officials compelled to be present looked out, for the old hangman had left the men standing in a row, and was busy beneath the scaffold. In another instant there was a heavy sound, and all turned away, while the gibbet creaked audibly, for the five murderers hung dying side by side. There was a dreadful pause inside for a minute or two, during which all spoke in whispers, as if in a sick chamber. Then the creaking ceased, and the hangman, after a few business-like looks behind, came slouching in, and his return was taken as a sign that all was quiet now. At nine o'clock the sheriffs were again summoned to witness the cutting down of the bodies, and to be present at the certification of the surgeon that the condemned could never slay or sin again. The cutting down of the corpses was almost more repulsive than the hanging. The noises from the crowd which accompanied the severance of each rope, the heavy lump with which the corpse fell into its shell, the speed with which it was borne in, unpinned, cast loose from its halter, and pronounced dead, made this a painful though, fortunately, a very quick business. The countenances only

of Watto was slightly changed; the rest lay tumbled in their shells as the hangman had left them, precisely as though they slept. At two in the day their clothes were cut off them to the last fragment, and burnt. The shells were then filled up with quicklime, and at three o'clock they were placed beneath the stone at the end of the gloomy burying place we have mentioned, without form or ceremony of any kind.

On our preceding pages will be found illustrations of the trial imprisonment, and final proceedings relative to this terrible tragedy, with exterior and interior views of the Central Criminal Court.

#### A GAMEKEEPER CHARGED WITH MURDER.

A SHOCKING affair has just occurred in the southern division of Warwickshire, and has resulted in a coroner's warrant of committal being issued against the gamekeeper of the late High Sheriff of that county for wilful murder under the following circumstances and facts:—There is a footpath leading from the village of Lower Brilles, near Shipston-on-Stour, to Burningham, and affording the villagers the nearest route into the adjoining counties of Gloucester and Worcester. This footpath, about which there is a disputed right of way, passes through the game preserves in the possession of Mr. H. J. Sheldon, of Lower Brilles, and the farms of his tenants. The depredations of poachers caused him to order his gamekeeper to stop any suspicious characters and search them, and on the 28th of December last the keeper stopped Henry Clifton, an agricultural labourer, employed on Mr. Garrett's holdings, asking Clifton to allow him to search him. The man refused to be searched, and the keeper afterwards stated that he would have shot him "if he had got his pistol." The refusal of Clifton to allow the search probably engendered some ill-feeling in the mind of the keeper. On Thursday evening last, between five and six o'clock, Clifton was returning along the footpath over the Brilles hills in company with a fellow-labourer, and when they had nearly reached the village they had to pass along the footpath already mentioned, on a piece of ground in the occupation of Mr. Harris, another of Mr. Sheldon's tenants. George Ditton, the keeper, was there, with a double-barrelled loaded gun. When the men were on or near the footpath in this field Ditton told them they had no business there, they were trespassers. An altercation ensued between Ditton and Clifton, the former holding the latter by the collar. A struggle took place, in which Clifton tried to release himself from Ditton's grasp, and Ditton attempted either to drive the man back or prevent him going on. Clifton released himself by a desperate effort, and on getting free struck the keeper three or four times on the back and shoulders with a stick, upon which Ditton discharged his gun at him, and the contents lodged in his left side. The wounded man died in a few minutes, after simply imploring God to receive his soul. Ditton went home, and was there apprehended by Sergeant Galloway.

#### A FEARFUL DOUBT.

A WOMAN named Ellen Gaunt had long resided at Matlock, but being in the last stage of consumption she came to Derby on the 24th of October last year, and remained with her sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Hadfield, at Pear-tree, till the 24th of January, when she died. The deceased was seen by no doctor in Derby, having been told by Mr. Brown, of Matlock, before she came here, that she could not recover. The deceased, after her death, was taken to Matlock, and was buried there on the 28th of January. An official report states that at the burial, "on the sexton filling in the grave he fancied he heard a noise in the coffin, and he at once informed the minister, who went out and heard similar sounds; another person was then called, and also eventually Dr. Cash. The body was taken out of the coffin, and Dr. Cash attempted to bleed it, and a drop or two of blood issued from the incision. The doctor pronounced her dead, and that she had been so for some time. She was again placed in the grave and covered up." These events naturally caused great excitement in the town, and as soon as the chief constable became acquainted with the circumstances he instituted an inquiry. Dr. Brown, who had attended the deceased, says:—"For some weeks before her leaving Matlock for Derby I attended her, and informed her friends and herself that her case was hopeless, as she was suffering from tubercular disease of the lungs, and would only live some three or four months, as she was far advanced in the last stage of consumption. I gave a certificate as to the cause of death, as I was informed that no other medical man had visited her after she left Matlock. I know nothing about the funeral or the knocking in the coffin, beyond so much disgusting and foolish talk, which would hardly have been tolerated four centuries ago." In the course of the inquiry the rector of Matlock was applied to, and in his statement he says:—"Soon after I had left the churchyard the parish clerk came to the rectory to say that he had heard a strange noise in the grave. I immediately went with him to the spot, and after listening a short time I heard a peculiar knocking proceeding from the grave, and apparently in the coffin. I then went to call Mr. John Elce, one of the churchwardens, who also heard the knocking. We immediately ordered the coffin to be uncovered, and while the clerk was doing so I ran to the house where the friends of the deceased were and told them what he had heard. I also sent for a policeman and for Dr. Cash, the latter of whom examined the corpse and pronounced her to be dead, but declared he could not say how long she had been dead. I cannot offer any opinion myself as to the cause of the noises—that is, and ever will be, a mystery; but to Mr. Elce, the parish clerk, and myself they were more than sufficiently suspicious to justify us in what we did." No further explanation of the "noises" has yet been given, and the excitement which the event had originated has subsided.—*Derby Mercury*.

#### CAPE DIAMOND, ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.

THE severity of the weather, which has again set in with increased force, comes far short of that which is experienced in Canada. Our canals and rivers have scarcely been impeded; but on the river St. Lawrence the busy traffic of steam boats and other craft have given place to sleighing, curling, and cricketing. The river is now the playground of the good citizens of Quebec. Beyond, crowning the summit of Cape Diamond, at an altitude of 340 feet above the bed of the river, as seen in our illustration on page 584, stands the citadel, frowning with its dark walls on the peaceful snow. This citadel of Quebec is strongly fortified, covers more than eight acres of ground, and, with the outer walls and works, forty acres. It contains a most extensive armoury, and is formidable alike from its position and works. At the base of the hill are clustered an irregular batch of picturesque dwellings, crowding to its sides as if for shelter. The line of fortifications runs along a ridge between the upper and lower towns, and is intersected by five gates, and has an inner circuit of about two and a half miles. Since the great conflagrations in May and June, 1845, the streets leading up towards the citadel, formerly very steep and narrow, have been much improved.

MR. LANCELOT FOSTER, grocer, Walmgate, York, the registrar of births and deaths for the district where three children were recently produced at one birth, has received the following communication:—"Sir Charles Phipps has received the commands of her Majesty the Queen to forward to Mr. Lancelot Foster the enclosed post-office order for £3, made payable to him; and to desire that he will have the goodness to hand the amount to Ann, the wife of William Padden, as a donation from her Majesty to assist that poor woman after her confinement of three children at one birth."—*Yorkshire Gazette*.



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#### CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

		ANNIVERSARIES.		H. W. L. B.	
D.	D.			A. M.	P. M.
27	S	Treaty of Amiens, 1802	...	4 43	4 59
28	S	Third Sunday in Lent	...	5 15	5 22
29	M	Sun rises 5h 50m; sets 5h 37m	...	5 50	6 9
1	T	St David	...	6 30	6 54
2	W	John Wesley died, 1791	...	7 20	7 51
3	T	Emancipation of Russian serfs, 1863	...	8 28	9 13
4	F	Jamaica discovered, 1494	...	10 1	10 46
		Moon's changes.—Last Quarter, 1st, 1h. 12m. a.m.			
		Sunday Lessons.			

Moon's changes.—Last Quarter, 1st, 1h. 12m. a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING.

Genesis 29; St. Luke 11.

AFTERNOON.

Genesis 42; Ephes. 5.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\* All communications for the Editor must contain name and address. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

To Our Subscribers.—The PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS and RETAILER'S NEWSPAPER sent post free to any part of the United Kingdom for three pence postage stamps. Persons wishing to subscribe for a quarter, so as to receive the two newspapers through the post, may remit a subscription of 2s. 6d. to Mr. JOHN DICKS, at the Office, 313, Strand.

PUBLISHING DEPARTMENT.—All letters to be addressed to Mr. JOHN DICKS, 313, Strand. Persons unable to procure the PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS from newsvendors, or agents, may forward the amount for a single number, or for a term of subscription, by money order payable to Mr. DICKS, so as to receive the journal direct from the office. A Quarter's Subscription is 2s. 6d. for the STRAIGHT EDITION. It is particularly requested that Subscribers will send their address in full to prevent miscarriage of the paper. The termination of a Subscription will be indicated by the journal being sent in a blue wrapper. Receipt stamps cannot be received in payment of a subscription to this journal.

\* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

F. R. W.—You must consult an attorney. A lawyer's consulting fee, either personally or by letter, is 5s. It would cost you about £10 to pass through the Bankruptcy Court, unless your case be a complicated one; and then you must employ counsel, which would be three or four guineas more. An ordinary case of divorce costs about £80. If you do not know a respectable London solicitor, we can recommend you to Mr. William Eaden, No. 10, Gray's Inn-square.

J. N.—A variety of lessons for self-instruction are given in Mr. Reynolds's "Self-Instructor." It also contains numerous lessons in French, together with the pronunciation familiarly explained. By its aid, accompanied by a French grammar and dictionary, the language can easily be mastered by a person of ordinary ability and diligence. Delavoie's French dictionary, price 5s., and Delille's French grammar, price 4s. 7d., can be procured at Cornish's, Holborn. Stamps can be sent to Mr. Dicks at our Office for the "Self-Instructor," the price of which is 1s. 2d. post-free.

FALL.—The ancient wars prior to the discovery of gunpowder, were far more protracted, and occasioned greater loss of life than in the present day, or during the wars since gunpowder has been used.

EMUL.—The engaged finger for a lady is the third (or ring) finger of the right hand; for a gentleman the first-finger of the left hand.

J. S.—The three lamps on railways, red, green, and white, signify—red, danger; green, caution; white, safety. Or when trains are in motion—red, stop; green, proceed slowly; white, full speed if required.

W. L.—The title of the chief magistrate of London was changed by Richard I. from Bailiff to Lord Mayor.

HEX.—The Jews have no connexion, we believe, with the Jews. It is a confusion of a corruption from Jews-harp.

A. T.—If you can produce witnesses of the payment of the rent, it will operate as a sufficient receipt.

#### THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1864

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD

THE tale of the Flowery Land piracy is at length told. Its sequel carries us to the black scaffold and the surging crowd in front of Newgate. We ask the reader to accompany us, in his imagination, to a locality far removed from the ghastly walls of Newgate. We leave behind us the death-knell of hammers, whose echoes, perhaps, are falling on the ears of the condemned. We go to the West-end. The eve of the execution has arrived. It is yet Sunday, but the "swells" are preparing for the drama of the drop. There is a heaven of thoughtlessness and heedlessness even in circles the best informed which finds a vent in conduct as repulsive as the gross and ribald antics of the "lower orders." At the West-end last Sunday evening hampers were packed up, sandwiches of the most approved composition were duly provided; there was brandy, soda-water, champagne; there were the painted cards to keep my Lord Tom-noddy awake. The topic of dress was duly discussed, and "the correct thing" was decided upon. Parties were "made up" as for a picnic, and while the "roughs" were congregating and brawling on the paving stones of the Old Bailey the aristocratic seekers of a hanging sensation elbowed their way to the eligible apartments hired for the occasion, from the windows of which they might view, undisturbed, the ghastly entertainment for the sight of which they had paid their guineas. Whist, wine, and cigars kept them amused, while the vicinity was in the uproar of expectation, and when morning broke the West-end contingent had but to draw up the blinds and open the windows in order to share in the horrors of the approaching spectacle. So much for the aristocratic element which came to Newgate on Monday morning, the 22nd of February, 1864. May the gentry long remember the scene! We next descend to the commonality on the stones. These were well cared for. The City authorities had done their best to save the flesh and bones of that ugly crew. The seers of the hideous

sight were lodged in pens, and guarded by nearly 700 constables—the number now required to keep order at a London execution. And how did the crowd behave? Not worse than usual—perhaps a little better than on some occasions. But there were oaths, and curses, and "flash" songs, and ribaldry, all that can make a solemn scene a shocking one. Women were there, a trifle more outrageous than the men. The pickpocket was there, plying his nefarious calling until he, too, had his eyes riveted to the fatal scaffold whither his own steps were tending. Dire was the popular indignation at the screen of black balise which fronted the scaffold, thereby threatening to hide the dying agonies of the condemned. At length the crowd became silent with expectation, the church clocks were heard to ring the fatal chime of "eight," the bell of Newgate sounded forth the death-knell of the living men, and one by one the pined malefactors stepped upon the boards from whence they were to sink into their ignominious grave. They died decently, but not bravely. The culprits were hissed, groaned, and yelled at, and when all was ready for the fatal plunge the shout of execration seemed to rend the air. There was a crash, and down went the living file, five abreast, one seated in a chair—being himself too faint to stand. A thrill went through the crowd, and there was silence, followed by a deep buzz. Death had the murderers by the throat, and the piracy and bloodshed associated with the Flowery Land was avenged. Far from the scene of their atrocities these wretches died. Of them it might indeed be said that they "escaped the sea," but "vengeance suffered them not to live." All this was done, and men went reeling drunk from the gallows foot! The crowd were indebted to the law for "a sight." It was as good as a play, and better, being cheaper and more real. In this drama the deaths were actual, not simulated, and the principal performers could not re-appear. But what will the British public say to all this? Is it satisfactory to know that the most solemn exercise of justice is but an occasion for brutal merrymaking and heartless rollicking? Are we content that the foolish, the idle, the vicious, the criminal, should derive amusement from an act which society inflicts by her representatives, and exacts with sorrow and pain? Is the gibbet to be made a rare-show for fools and vagabonds?

THE Government have lost no time in submitting to parliament a measure for the modification of the system under which sentences of penal servitude are at present carried into effect. The proposed Bill is based upon the report of the royal commissioners appointed more than a year since to inquire into the operation of the existing law, and it embodies many of their recommendations. If this measure receives the sanction of the legislature, it will at least possess the merit of clearly defining the nature of the punishment of penal servitude, and will give to it that element of certainty which, under the present system, it undoubtedly wants. The most important modifications in the present system effected by Sir George Grey's Bill regard the length of the terms of penal servitude to which convicts may be sentenced, and the circumstances under which these terms may subsequently be abridged. The commissioners suggested that the minimum term of penal servitude to which a criminal could be sentenced should be seven years, instead of being, as at present, only four. The Government, whilst acknowledging the expediency of increasing the present minimum, have, however, fixed it at five years, instead of seven. In regard to the remission of sentences, the Government have admitted the expediency of holding forth some inducement to a prisoner undergoing penal servitude to submit with docility to prison regulations and to reform his life. It is provided by the new Bill that it shall be discretionary with the authorities to remit a portion of the sentence, but that in no case shall a convict serve for less than three-fourths of the term to which he has been sentenced. We cannot help thinking that this arrangement is the best compromise which could possibly have been effected. The essential element of certainty which all punishments should possess will be secured, whilst at the same time the convict will not be bereft of all inducement to conduct himself well. A sentence of penal servitude for five years may not necessarily mean imprisonment for the whole of that period; but it will mean, in any event, the loss of liberty for three years and nine months. The criminal classes will henceforth be able to compute with certainty the extent of punishment to which in any event they must submit. This will be an undoubted gain for society. Penal servitude has hitherto ceased to terrify because of its extreme uncertainty. Under the new law it will be invested with a different character, and those who render themselves liable to it will at least know what they have to expect.

#### PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

IN the House of Lords, the Royal Arcade Bill, for making an arcade from Regent-street to Bond-street, was rejected without a division, after a speech from the Earl of Derby, who pointed out that the measure was projected by private parties, and that it was opposed by almost all the respectable inhabitants of the parish.

IN the House of Commons, on the order of the day for going into committee of supply, Mr. Disraeli complained of the delay in the production of the papers on the Danish question, and charged the Government with not acting fairly and considerately towards the house. The Chancellor of the Exchequer explained, and said the papers were being prepared, and would be produced as soon as possible. Lord Robert Cecil expressed his dissatisfaction with the explanation, and Mr. B. Osborne moved that in the absence of the papers the navy estimates should be postponed for three weeks. The Chancellor of the Exchequer accepted the interpretation put on the motion by Mr. Roebuck, that if carried it would be a vote of censure on the Government. Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Henley recommended Mr. Osborne to withdraw his motion, on the ground that it was not desirable that the Government should be able to say that so important a decision had been come to by surprise. The motion, however, went to a division, and, under the circumstances, was rejected.

104 YEARS OLD.—The Boston (U.S.) Transcript publishes a sketch of Deacon John Phillips, of Sunbridge, Mass., who is now in his 104th year. This venerable man was born in Massachusetts when George II was King of Great Britain. He was drafted in 1776, and served in the early part of the American revolution, and has a distinct recollection of the battle of Bunker Hill, which took place when he was fifteen years old. He has lived all his life on one farm, ate at one table, and during a space of ninety years has not had a severe sickness.

#### The Court.

THE Queen has lately superintended the placing of a monument in the chancel of Whippingham Church to the memory of the Prince Consort, the design for which was previously submitted to and highly approved of by her Majesty. The upper portion of the design, executed in white marble, consists of a medallion of the Prince encircled in a wreath of laurel. The lower portion is divided into three panels, enclosed in arches of alabaster, supported on small columns of red Portuguese marble, and surmounted by a cornice of alabaster richly carved. In the side panels are the arms of the Queen and Prince, and in the centre an inscription commemorative of his royal highness. The monument, the joint production of Mr. Theed and Mr. Lambert, the architect of the church, which was rebuilt by order and under the superintendence of the Prince Consort, corresponds in style with the architecture of the building, i.e., about the commencement of the thirteenth century.

The royal screw yacht Fairy, Captain his Serene Highness Prince Leiningen, entered Portsmouth harbour at noon on Saturday with the royal standard flying at the main, having on board her Majesty the Queen, and the royal family from Osborne, with the ladies and gentlemen at present in waiting at Court. Her Majesty disembarked from the Fairy at the Royal Clarence Victualling-yard, where she was received by Major-General Lord W. Paulet, O.B., Vice-Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, G.O.B., and Commodore Sir Harry Edgell, O.B. Her Majesty with the royal family and suite immediately took their seats in the state saloon and other carriages of the South-Western Company's special train, which was drawn up in waiting in front of the Queen's private station, in charge of Mr. Godson, locomotive superintendent, and left for Windsor, via Basingstoke, at 12.20 p.m. No salutes were fired from the guns of the ships of war or from the garrison, nor was any guard of honour furnished, but the hoisting of the royal standard on board the Fairy, and the presence of the chiefs of the military and naval departments in full uniform to receive her Majesty on landing from the yacht, is a partial return to those acts of homage with which the presence of the Queen is acknowledged.

The Prince and Princess of Wales attended Divine service on Sunday morning at St. Leonard's church. The church was crowded notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, which it was fully expected would have prevented the Princess from leaving her hotel.

#### Sporting.

##### BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

THE CHESTER COUR.—16 to 1 agst Mr. C. Reynolds vs. Golden Pledge (t); 100 to 6 agst Mr. Greville's Anfield (off, t. 20 to 1); 100 to 6 agst Mr. Drevitt's Blackdown (off, t. 20 to 1); 20 to 1 agst Mr. Whittaker's Change (t); 33 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's Merry Hart (t freely); 40 to 1 agst Sir F. Smythe vs. Accident (off).

THE DERRY.—10 to 1 agst Mr. Merry's Scottish Chief (off, t. 11 to 1); 14 to 1 agst Captain J. White's Cambracken (t); 14 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Paris (t and off); 15 to 1 agst Mr. Naylor's Coastguard (off); 20 to 1 agst Mr. Higgins's Coup d'Etat (t); 20 to 1 agst Mr. Lanson's Blair Athol (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. J. Osborne's Princes Arthur (t); 25 to 1 agst Mr. Ten Broeck's Idler (t); 28 to 1 agst Mr. Bowen's Claremont (t f); 30 to 1 agst Mr. Cartwright's Ely (t); 30 to 1 agst Mr. H. Hill's Ackworth (t); 30 to 1 agst Lord Westmoreland's Birch Broom (t f); 50 to 1 agst Baron Rothschild's Calista colt (t); 3,000 to 30 agst Duke of Cleveland's Verger (t).

##### THE PRUSSIAN CROWN PRINCE AND THE SNOW.

A GERMAN correspondent writing from Schleswig thus describes the adventure in the snow which the Crown Prince of Prussia and his companions in arms met with:—

"We have a regular Russian temperature here, and yesterday I made a journey, the remembrance of which will be eternally imprinted on my memory. Yesterday (the 12th inst.) the report was circulated that the Danes were reunited in the redoubts at Duppel, and that they were to be attacked by the allies to-day. As the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, and other personages of distinction had ordered a special train to Flensburg, I requested and obtained permission to accompany them. At first all went on pretty well, notwithstanding a violent storm, accompanied by a heavy fall of snow. The masses of snow became higher and higher every minute, the wind increased every moment, and after having gone about thirty miles in six hours the driver declared that he could proceed no farther. At eight o'clock the conductor advised us to quit the carriage if we did not wish to be frozen to death, and to try and get on to the nearest station, which he thought could not be far off. The Crown Prince was the first to leave the carriage, and I thought I might venture to do likewise; but when I left the warm compartment, and in the darkness of the night was seized by an icy wind, which threw me up to my armpits in the snow, I hesitated to undertake the journey on foot, and advised my two companions not to quit the carriage. The atmosphere was filled with small particles of ice, and the iron road was covered with snow to the height of many feet. We could distinguish nothing round about us; we did not even dare to open our eyes for fear of becoming blinded. But we had ventured into the snow, and our clothes were soaked through and through. The piercing wind penetrated through all the crevices of the carriage, and we should have been frozen to death if we had remained in the train. The conductor came to us a second time, and warned us to get on to the station. He had a lantern in his hand, and promised not to leave us. We followed him, leaving a surgeon behind in the carriage, he having positively declared that he could not proceed on the journey. Throwing a horse-cloth over my head, and seizing the hand of the conductor, I strode after him. Generally we could not proceed more than ten, or at most twenty steps at one time, for we were obliged to halt and turn our backs to the wind to breathe, for it was impossible to inspire the ice-cold atmosphere as we stumbled onwards. If we did, it was as though a thousand dagger-points were tearing the lungs, and every breath we took was followed by a violent throbbing of the heart. We at last arrived at a place which the wind had swept clear of snow, and a little further on we sank into it up to our chests. The station was distant about a mile, but I thought we had trudged three miles before we reached it. We were joyful enough when we found ourselves sheltered from the roaring storm, but our joy was diminished by the fact that our clothes were soaked through, and at the prospect of being necessitated to sleep on the bare boards. To our great delight we found that the Crown Prince had been able to surmount the hardships of the night, and we were fortunate enough to find two rooms in a peasant's house in which his royal highness could pass the night, and here he and his suite slept upon straw. The entire village was ransacked for dry stockings and shoes, and a reigning prince as well as the future King of Prussia felt themselves only too happy to be able to walk about in wooden shoes and thick woollen stockings which had been placed at their disposal by the kind-hearted Schleswig country-women. When the straw beds were prepared for us we found that all was soaked through with the snow, therefore it will cause no surprise when I state that, in consequence of cold and discomfort, no sleep could be obtained by any of us."





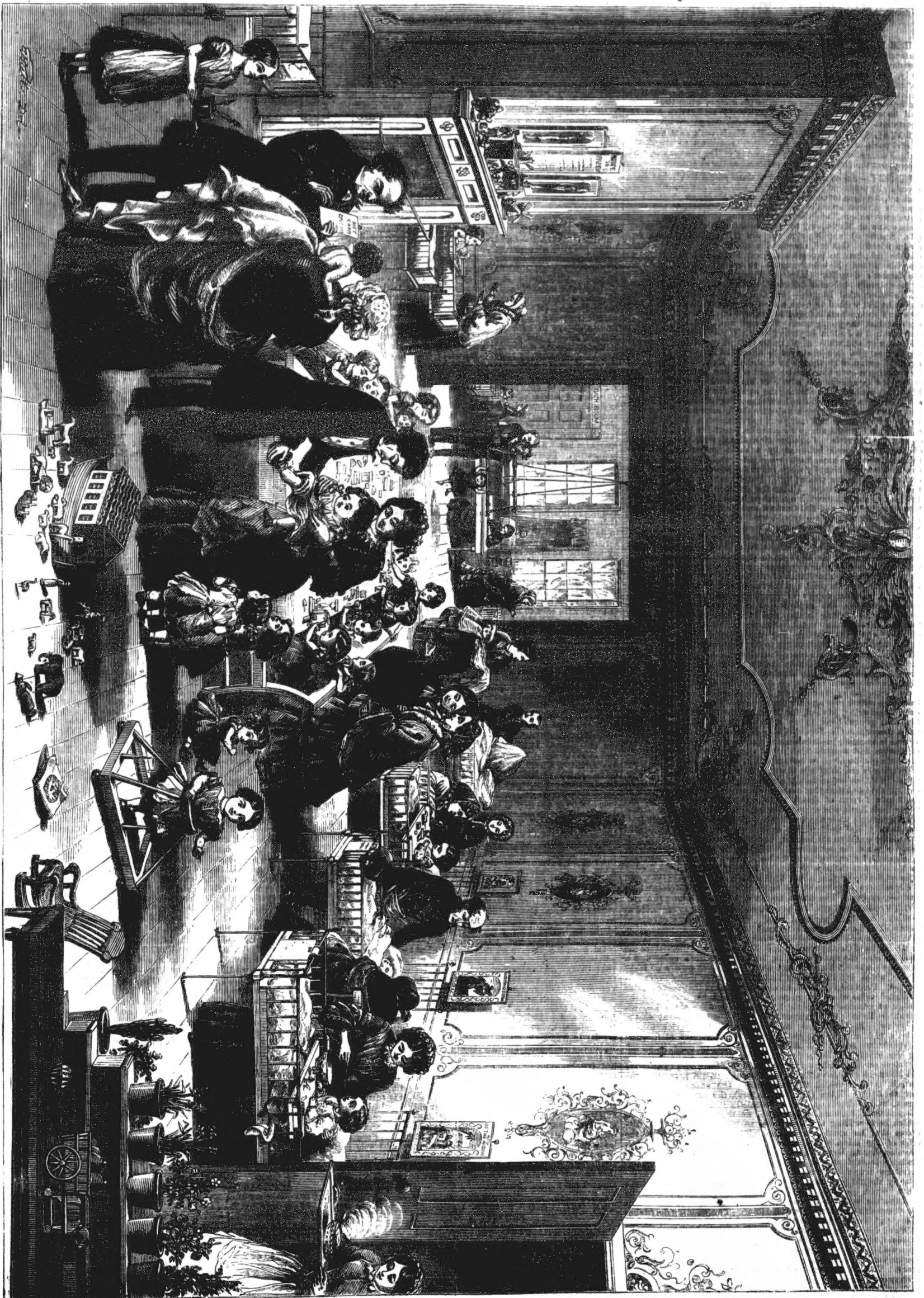
THE PALACE OF PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA, AT BERLIN. (See page 586.)



CAPE DIAMOND, ON THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE, THE CITADEL OF QUEBEC. (See page 582.)

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, GREAT OAKMONT STREET.—HER MAJESTY'S TOY PRESENTS. (See page 586.)





THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, GREAT ORMOND STREET.—HER MAJESTY'S TOY PRESENTS. (See page 586.)



## Theatricals, Music, etc.

**HER MAJESTY'S.**—The great success of the recent morning performance of *Faust* has induced the directors to give one more on Monday, the 29th inst. The English performances—or more properly, the representations of *Faust* in English—will terminate on Saturday, the 5th of March. The series has extended beyond the limits originally intended, and is now brought to a close only in consequence of the approach of the Italian season, when the theatre will be required to undergo the necessary renovation and re-decoration.

**ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.**—Mr. Macfarren's new and successful opera of *She Stoops to Conquer* continues to attract delighted audiences. The burlesque opening of the pantomime, "St. George and the Dragon," is still produced as the *af erpiece*.

**SURREY.**—An effective drama ("Ashore and Afloat") has been successfully produced here. A stirring scene of excitement closes each act, the piece terminating with a strong sensation scene. This drama is in three acts, the first and third representing the chief characters—"ashore," and the second showing them "afloat." The scene opens at Mappleston, in Gloucestershire, with Hal Oakford (Mr. Shepherd) and Newton Barnard (Mr. J. Fernandez), two sworn friends. Oakford, the son of a miser, is addicted to cards and the turf; but he possesses a good heart, and is anxious to see his friend Newton married to pretty Ruth Bingle, the farmer's daughter (Miss G. Pauncefort). The happiness of the lovers becomes affected by a very painful event. Ruth's father, Abel Bingle (Mr. O. Foster), is found murdered, and as he had wished to have a richer husband for his child, and Newton's pocket-book is found at the side of the corpse, suspicion runs against the young man. The audience, however, know the real criminal is Joshua Boynton (Mr. J. W. Bay) Oakford's agent and collector, and who conceals under the veil of sanctity a heart of the blackest die. He contrives to direct the strongest suspicions against Newton, who, though he convinces Ruth of his innocence by swearing it over the dead body of her father, is in a critical position, and he accepts the advice of his friend Hal to fly for his life. Hal, charged with abetting the escape from justice, has himself to become a fugitive, but he leaves the village constabulary strong reason to remember during his absence the force of his fist and arm. In the second act we find four years have elapsed, and Hal Oakford and Newton Barnard are now seamen on board his Majesty's man-of-war, the *Terrible*. The chase of a sloop, with the movement of the vessel, well indicated by a rapid panorama of sky-painted flims at the back, leads to a capture, and the courage of the two friends is prominently displayed in the boarding of the enemy's craft. The Algerine pirate (Mr. O. Butler), who is taken prisoner has quickly his revenge. Under the pretence of conducting the British into the fort through a secret path, he lures the whole party into an ambush, and Hal Oakford and Newton Barnard become prisoners after a desperate broadsword combat. The executioner who visits them, with the design of decapitation, turns out to be a wandering Arab, who has been rescued by Oakford from the village mob in the first act, and now he returns the obligation by setting them free. He is about to pay a heavy penalty for his good-nature, yielding his own head to satisfy the vengeance of the Dey, when the bombardment of Algiers by the combined fleet rescues him from his peril, and the destruction of the fortress takes place. A plentiful supply of gunpowder is provided, and the popping of guns, the explosion of a shower of shells, the crash of the falling walls, and the hand-to-hand combat fought among the ruins, comprise a thoroughly exciting picture, with the British flag conspicuous in the centre. In the third act the friends return to find the murder has never been revealed. Newton again seeks concealment, taking refuge in a deserted mine. In the meantime the hypocritical old rogue, Joshua Boynton, has been carrying the notes of the victim about with him, as they were useless, being upon the local bank, and finding Newton's jacket handy, he contrives, by slipping them into his pocket, to make a strong case against the suspected man. He has, however, overreached himself, for it transpires that he has dropped his own pocket-book in by mistake, instead of the farmer's, and a clearer proof is afforded of his guilt by the discovery of a knife. Joshua is arrested, but before he is removed he discharges a pistol at Newton, and wounds him in the arm, telling him that he has lured the girl he loved to certain death, as she is at that moment wandering in search of him through the windings of the exhausted mine. Hal Oakford undertakes to rescue her, and he descends the shaft at the same time that a heavy storm, overflowing the river, is sending a torrent of (real) water into the mine. The gallant fellow finds Ruth, and conveys her into the basket, when a falling beam intercepts their upward flight, and all seems once more lost. Fortunately Hal Oakford has about him the knife with which Boynton committed the murder, and which will be the chief evidence against the murderer. With this he saves the murdered man's child, for, cutting away the basket, he bears her whole weight on his arm, and the rope conveys them safely away from the flooded mine whilst the curtain falls. This effect is capitally managed, and the breathless suspense of the audience shows the interest which has been excited. The drama, no doubt, will have a long run.

**CITY OF LONDON.**—A new drama, from the story of "Kiddle-a-Wink," has been produced here. The scene is the county of Cornwall, and the opening introduces the audience to an assemblage at the Kiddle-a-Wink, or alehouse, where we learn some facts relating to Mr. Reginald Caerbydon (Mr. J. F. Young), who is "the last of the doomed race," the son of a suicide, labouring under a curse and a prophecy that with him his race will die. He is owner of large estates, which include a mine that has been for many years unworked. Percival Penbarrow, an old miser, learns that this contains unlimited veins of ore of immense value, and he, conceiving the design of pre-empting, meets Reginald to arrange the price, his daughter Ruth (Miss Augusta Clifton), being present at the interview. Reginald has been cautioned just prior to the miser's visit not to sell the mine, and he refuses at the first interview to accept the £50,000 offered for it. He is struck by the beauty of Ruth, for whom he at first sight conceives a violent passion, and he at the same time determines to offer the old Miser the mine in exchange for his daughter. A previous scene has, however, revealed to the audience the secret marriage of her to Arthur Upton (Mr. W. Travers), the son of a ruined house, who is departing from Cornwall in the hope of repairing his shattered fortunes. The Miser, as the only condition upon which he is willing to allow Upton to marry his daughter, declares that he must become rich. The Miser, tempted by the offer of the mine, and unconscious of his daughter's marriage, promises her to Reginald, but he only makes the proposition to Ruth to learn from her lips that she is already married, whereupon he launches some fearful curses upon her head. Subsequently the old man becomes ill, and invents a story of Upton's death which he gets repeated in Ruth's hearing, and thus he smooths the way for her marriage with Reginald and his obtaining possession of the much-coveted mine. The wedding duly takes place, and is followed by the return of Upton, who learns the fact, and determines to quit the scene for ever. This intention is, however, abandoned on the discovery of the stratagem which has been used for making Ruth marry Reginald. Ruth also learns that her husband has returned and charges her father with inventing the story. The old man admits that this is the truth, and dies amid a shower of curses from Reginald. Reginald and Upton meet and proceed to the shaft of the mine, which plays so prominent a part in the story, to fight. Upton is wounded, and while he is

prostrate the Spirit appears to Reginald and announces that his hour has come. He commits suicide, and the curtain falls upon the recovery of Upton and the restoration of his wife. The piece has been remarkably well played.

**VICTORIA.**—A new drama, in three acts, adapted from a popular tale, called "The Outcasts," has been produced here. It has been very effectively placed on the stage, and received a verdict of unquestioned approbation. The chief fault of the drama, as a piece, lies in the fact that it does not possess one leading character, while, in a moral point of view, it ends by making vice triumphant, and the smaller criminal suffer for the greater. Of course, in these sensation days, nothing could be done dramatically without a startling effect, and the culminating point of the piece is the finale of the second act, where the Gamekeeper flings his master's wife, who comes in the way on the eve of his second nuptials, down a foaming cataract. The struggling body, as seen descending behind the falling water, is well managed. The piece throughout is remarkably well sustained.

**PAVILION.**—An exciting drama, "The War with the Dances," formerly produced at the Surrey under the title of "The Ten-King's Vow," has been successfully produced here. The battle scenes are admirably got up, and carried out with spirit—the dresses pretty and quaint—while the scenery is really beautiful. "Whittington and his Cat" continues to be performed.

**THE GRECIAN.**—An adaptation of a German drama, under the title of "Deborah; or the Jewish Outcast," has been produced at this house with success. The plot is very similar to that of "Leah." The principal character was supported by Miss Edith Herand. The scene of this story is laid in a village in Styria, in Germany, in 1780, and the thread is that Lorenz, a magistrate of the village, (Mr. L. Jackson), discovers that his son, Joseph (Mr. William James), has fallen in love with Deborah, who, in her turn, is devoted to him. Lorenz objects to such an alliance upon the ground of Deborah being a Jewess, and brings all his influence to bear in driving Deborah, Sarah, a Jewish woman (Miss Marie Brewer), and Abraham, an old blind Jew (Mr. Shirley), from the village in which they have sought shelter. To accomplish the object Lorenz employs Nathan, the schoolmaster (Mr. J. B. Steele), himself a converted Jew, to offer Deborah a purse of gold to leave the village and never again to return. Nathan delivers the gold to Sarah, and informs Lorenz that Deborah has accepted the gold, and consented to leave the village. This is communicated to Joseph, who, in the height of despair and disappointment at the supposed insincerity of Deborah's love, at once resolves never again to recognise her. An interview takes place, and he accuses her of her insincerity. This she denies, and still avows her love for him. He, however, casts her from him. Eight days is then supposed to elapse, and the eighth day he marries Hanna (Mrs. Charles Dillon). Deborah again appears upon the scene in time to witness the marriage ceremony, and so exasperated is she at the conduct of Joseph that she invokes a bitter curse upon him. Five years then elapse, and in the interim a child is born to Joseph, whom he names after Deborah. Deborah again returns, and recalls her curse, and then, in finally departing, the curtain falls. The acting of Miss Herand throughout this representation was of a nature that took the house by surprise, and between each act she was called before the curtain to receive the deafening applause of the audience. Mr. James sustained the character of Joseph with much taste, and was deservedly applauded throughout. Mr. J. B. Steele, also, as Nathan, made the most of his part; and Mr. John Manning as Rosentz was dryly humorous. Mr. Shirley as the blind Jew, and Miss Marie Brewer as the Jewish woman also made the most of small parts. The successful pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe and his Man Friday" concludes the performances.

### HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN.

The 12th annual meeting of the friends and supporters of this institution was recently held in the board-room of the hospital, Great Ormond-street, Bloomsbury, the Hon. Major Vereker in the chair. The secretary read the report, which congratulated the subscribers on the steadily improving position of the charity, and the highly efficient state of the hospital, exceeding that of any former period of its existence. The number both of in and out patients has increased; the in-patients in 1863 being 571 against 543 in 1862, and the out-patients 11,670 against 9,618. The subscriptions at the late annual festival amounted to £1,151, and during the past two years donations from unknown friends of £250 each had been received, and a reverend bequest of £1,000 has been left by the late Dr. Oke. The report then refers to the interest taken in the hospital by her Majesty, as evinced by her second present at Christmas of a large quantity of toys for the amusement of the inmates, and also to the services rendered by many eminent members of the medical profession. The charity had suffered a great loss during the year by the death of the treasurer, Mr. John Labouchere, whose place had been supplied by Mr. W. S. Thornton. The report also congratulates the friends of the charity upon the fact that the annual subscriptions for 1863 show an increase of upwards of £400 over those of 1862. The gross receipts for the year had been £4,880 12s. 8d., and the expenditure, including repayment of a loan of £300, and £560 placed to deposit account, had been £4,602 12s. 8d., leaving a balance of £278. The amount of invested stock was now £4,568. The report was adopted, and the committee and other officers for the ensuing year were elected. Votes of thanks having been given to the medical officers and to the chairman, the proceedings terminated.

On page 585 we give an illustration of the girls' ward in this admirable institution, which, we may observe, was only founded in 1843 though similar institutions had long been in existence on the Continent. The number of children dying in the metropolis every year for want of proper care is one of the most painful facts in connexion with our statistics of mortality; and it is a source of great regret that there are not more of these hospitals scattered about London and conducted on the same principle as that in Great Ormond-street. The children, as will be seen from our engraving, are all in ironwork cribs, lightly and commodiously made and which contain a capital contrivance in the shape of a sliding board on the top rails, which, when the child is well enough to sit up in bed, is brought up close to its chest, and forms an excellent playing table and platform for its toys—the presents of numerous visitors and patrons, of which, as stated in the report above, her Majesty has thoughtfully contributed a share. The nurses, it is scarcely necessary to observe, are most attentive to their suffering little charges; and the promised toy has the effect of making them take their necessary medicine, or remain quiet while wounds and sores are being dressed, with the utmost patience. As soon as they are able to leave their cribs, the little children know they will be able to join with the more convalescent on the floor of the ward. The boys are similarly cared for in another ward; and it may be truthfully said that there is scarcely an institution in the metropolis worthier of support and encouragement.

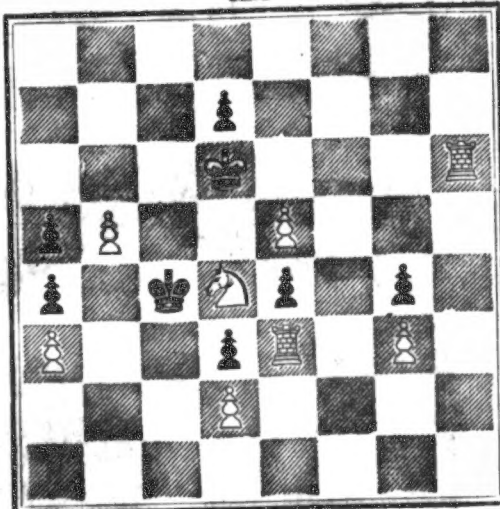
### THE PALACE OF PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA AT BERLIN.

The above elegant structure, an engraving of which will be found on page 584, was formerly the residence of Frederick-William III., and shortly before the marriage of the young Prince Frederick to the Princess Royal of England was presented to the future heir to the throne by his uncle the King. It occupies an admirable position, being opposite the arsenal, and with wide streets on either side. Not the least interesting is the fact of its containing a valuable museum of art, science, and industry.

## Chess.

PROBLEM No. 161.—By C. T. A.

Black.



White to move, and mate in three moves.

**SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 160.**  
1. P to Q4  
2. Kt to K5  
3. B to Q3  
4. B mates

**SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 151.**  
1. Q to Kt square  
2. P or Kt mates

**SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 152.**  
1. B to Kt6 (ch)  
2. Q takes R (ch)  
3. R takes Q mate

**SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 153.**  
1. B to Q Kt6  
2. Q to KR3  
3. Q mates

**SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 154.**  
1. R to Kt8  
2. Kt to Q5  
3. B to B8  
4. B mates

(a)

1. Kt to Q2  
2. R takes Kt  
3. Any move

**CHESSICS.**—There are abundant instances proving that Chess was introduced into Europe before the first Crusade. Damiano, Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, who died in 1080, in a letter to Pope Alexander the Second, relates an incident as having occurred between himself and a Bishop of Florence:—"Whilst we were dwelling together, having arrived in the evening at a resting-place, I withdrew myself to the neighbouring cell of a priest; but he remained, with a crowd of people, in a large house of entertainment. In the morning, my servant informed me that the bishop had been playing at the game of Chess; which thing, when I heard, pierced to my heart like an arrow. At a convenient hour I sent for him, and said, in a tone of severe reproof, 'The hand is stretched out—the rod is ready for the back of the offender.' 'Let the fault be proved,' said he, 'and penance shall not be refused.' 'Was it well,' rejoined I, 'was it worthy of the character you bear, to spend the evening in the vanity of Chess play, and defile the hands and tongue, which ought to be the mediators between man and the Deity? Are you not aware that, by the canonical law, bishops who are dice-players are ordered to be suspended?' He, however, seeking an excuse from the name of the game, and abetting himself under this shield, suggested that dice alone were forbidden by the canon, but Chess tacitly allowed. To which I replied thus:—"Chess is not named in the text, but is comprehended under the general term of dice; wherefore, since dice are prohibited, and Chess is not expressly mentioned, it follows without doubt that both kinds of play are included under one term, and equally condemned." To this the poor prelate could make no reply, and was ordered by his superior, by way of penance for his offence, to repeat the Psalter over a tree, and to wash the feet of—and give alms to—twelve poor people."

**H. S. MONGER.**—Cannot the 1st and 2nd moves of your Problem be reversed? This could be evaded by reversing the position to one in five moves. We shall be happy to forward blank diagrams to you, if you will favour us with your address.

**THOMAS DIX.**—The adhesive Chessmen can be procured of Messrs. Boulton and Stouman, of Paternoster Row; but we cannot recommend them, as they frequently become detached from the diagrams in their transmission through the post.

**A LEARNER.**—There is no possibility of your mating in the number of moves proposed, if, as you suggest, White commences with Q to K B 4, in Problem No. 96.

**W. B., of Brandon.**—You have correctly solved Problems 148 and 149. We quite agree with your remark that many superior players are frequently at fault in solving problems, whilst some inferior players can master them with comparative ease.

**Solutions of Problems 155, 156, and 157, by H. S. Monger, G. M. (Tulse Hill), A. M. Pigott, A. Manchester Man, J. Ward, E. Jephson, J. Barlin, T. Carles, Oxon, Clegg of Oldham, J. P. (Yoxford), C. J. Fox, G. Meadway, C. Munday, T. Biggs, R. A. Hunter, D. P. F., Royal Pawn, Heath and Cobb (Wargate), T. Ollisold, M. A. R. (Brighton), A. Halse, C. Munday, J. Baylis, W. Bennett, Vectis, and John Mills—correct.**

**THEATRICAL SAFEGUARDS.**—A most efficient protection against the possibility of accident arising from the ignition of the dresses of the ballet has been adopted on the stage of Drury-lane Theatre. A series of metallic rods now fence off a portion of the space in front of the footlights, and thus the dancers are effectually secured against any chance of even the grossest act of carelessness bringing them into contact with the flame. The rods of gaslights are, besides, all enclosed in wire gloves and surrounded by mica coverings, so that any apprehension of danger may be entirely removed for the future from the mind of the public. The arrangement is so simple, inexpensive, and efficient that the excellent example set on these boards should be followed at every other theatre in the kingdom.



## Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.  
GUILDHALL.

**ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE.**—James Cotton was charged before Alderman Salmons with the following robbery with violence. Charles Carter said I am a coachman in service. This morning, about half-past seven o'clock, I left home to go and see the execution of the plates at the Old Bailey. When I and a friend who was with me got to the second barrier in Skinner-street I was suddenly surrounded by about half a dozen men, who began to push me from one to the other, until at length the prisoner clasped me round the waist and held me. One of the others at the same time took from my pocket my purse containing about £5 in gold and silver, a gold watch-key, and some postage stamps. The prisoner then endeavoured to get at my watch, but I seized his hand and held him until the policeman arrived, and I then gave him into custody. I had previously called out for the police, and one of the companions of the prisoner placed his hand on my neck to prevent me. Another man knocked my hat off, and as soon as I recovered it and replaced it on my head another man knocked it over my eyes. The Albert chain which secured my watch was cut, but I did not lose either it or my watch. I never saw my purse again. George Adams, a groom out of place corroborated the evidence of the prosecutor, and after some further evidence the prisoner was committed for trial.

## BOW STREET.

**A SKITTLE-SHARPEN IN TROUBLE.**—Samuel Meahan was brought up on charges of assault. Mr. Spencer Lambert, a news-agent in York street, Covent-garden, said he was in the Bell Tavern, Wellington-street, with two friends, when the prisoner, who was in company with a man from the country, was pointed out to him as a skittle-sharpener. On leaving the house the witness and one of his friends, Mr. Colnaghi, followed the prisoner and his companion, and told the latter to be on his guard. The prisoner then seized Mr. Colnaghi by the throat, but he released himself, and the prisoner then struck the witness and knocked his hat off. They detained the prisoner in spite of the interference of five or six young men, who tried to get him away. A policeman came up and took him in charge. Mr. Colnaghi gave corroborative testimony. The prisoner said his companion was an old acquaintance, who had lodged with him ten years ago when he kept a beer-shop at Liverpool. The man was a soldier, and was now gone to Liverpool on furlough. It appeared that the prisoner was well known to the police as a skittle-sharpener and associate of thieves. Mr. Vaughan fined him 40s. for each assault, or in default sentenced him to fourteen days' imprisonment for each.

## WESTMINSTER.

**FURNISHING A FOREIGNER.**—Charles, alias Edward, Williams, Henry Eddon, and William Hope, all well dressed, who had refused to give any addresses were charged with conspiracy and fraud. Mr. Smyth conducted the prosecution. It appeared that Charles Adolphus Eddon, a Prussian, carrying on business as a shipbuilder at Hong Kong, and who arrived in London only a few days ago, was walking along the Strand on Saturday, when he was accosted by Eddon. The latter at first pretended that he was the master of a ship with whom he (prosecutor) was acquainted, and after getting into conversation with him, pressed him to take a glass of wine. The other two prisoners, who effected to be strangers to Eddon, then came in, and after talking about their rich relatives, a dispute arose as to the comparative strength of two of them. The prosecutor was asked by Eddon to be present when it was ascertained how many yards Hope could throw a 14lb. weight. He accompanied them to a place named at Chelsea, where he was involved into a skittle alley. There they pretended to lay large wagers, and the usual well-known artifices of skittle-sharpers were resorted to. The result was that the prosecutor was induced to part with £20 and then gave him a gold watch and chain, value £24, and £5 in gold on another wager. It was undecided when the stakeholder, a person pretending to be the landlord of the Princess of Denmark beer-shop, New-road, Chelsea, gave the watch and money to Hope, alleging that he had won them. The pretended landlord then affected to advance the value of the watch to Hope, in order that the prosecutor might not lose it. He accompanied the latter to his lodgings to get the £24 which was paid in foreign coin. Hope then offered to lay a wager of £500 to £1,000 to be decided on the Monday, and ultimately the parties all agreed to meet again at the Duke of York's Column on Monday, between two and four o'clock. The prosecutor was proceeding from the beer-shop, when he was assaulted, and an attempt was made to steal his watch by some person unknown. On Monday morning he communicated with the police, and the prisoners were captured near the appointed place. John Shaw, 11 F. a detective who apprehended the prisoners, said he knew them all as constant and daily companions of each other and as skittle-sharpers. He found an imitation gold chain, with a piece of paper at the end of it instead of a watch, fifty-six medals to imitate sovereigns, and two flash-lights of Bank of England notes on the prisoner's person, on his way to the stall in Essex street, where he would be expected to do better than proceeding with this prosecution, and one of the others added that it was not as if they had robbed a poor man who could not afford it. The prisoners said that they had treated the prosecutor very much like gentlemen for he had bled him to the amount of £60,000, which they might have induced him to lose by play, and that he had described himself as a man of large property. He had said that he was about to be married at Hong Kong to a young woman with a large estate of her own. Mr. Selby having told them that he must have their addresses, they very reluctantly gave some. They were remanded until Monday, and Mr. Selby said he must have good sureties in £100 each for their re-appearance with twenty-four hours' notice of bail.

## CLERKENWELL.

**MURDEROUS ASSAULT.**—Francis Overden, a clerk, residing at 5 Goldsmith-square, Stoke Newington, was charged with violently assaulting Ann Foxhall, keeper of a coffee-house at St. John's-street, Clerkenwell. The complainant, who presented a very deplorable appearance, her person and dress being covered with blood, her face bruised and one of her eyes blackened and nearly closed, said that on the previous night the prisoner came to the shop and engaged a bed. At the time of the assault she was nursing a baby, and the prisoner abused her and called her filthy names, because she had not called him up in proper time. Whilst she was standing up the prisoner struck her a heavy blow on the side of the head, which sent her against the dresser. Whilst she was recovering herself, and the blood was streaming from her, the prisoner moved towards her, and beat her about the head and face with his fist. She had three cuts on her forehead, and was now very ill from the effects of his violence. The prisoner ran away and washed his hands, and threw away the stick with which he had struck her. In answer to the prisoner, the complainant denied that he called him bad names, or that she threw hot tea in his face. She also denied that she had struck him with a poker. The prisoner, in defence, said he only struck the complainant once, and that he did it in self-defence. He cut on her head was done by falling against the dresser. The complainant denied that the wounds were occasioned by falling, as the prisoner had said. He inflicted them with his stick, and one of the wounds was on the top of her head. Mr. D'Eyncourt said the prisoner had been guilty of most unwarrantable violence, and even if it was true that he only struck once it must have been an outrageously violent blow. He should fine him £10 and 22 costs, of which part would go to the injured woman, or, in default of payment, four calendar months' hard labour in the House of Correction. The prisoner was locked up in default.

## MARLBOROUGH STREET.

**DRUNKENNESS AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE.**—Charlotte Hehl, a married woman about 60 years of age, residing at 21, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, was charged before Mr. Tyrwhitt with attempting to destroy her life. George Hehl, an old man, the husband and who said he was a music engraver, stated that on the previous day his wife attempted to hang herself to the bedpost. She had secured the rope to the bedpost, then fastened it round her neck, and jumped off the bedstead, and but for his promptly finding the rope she would have been strangled. Mr. Tyrwhitt asked the husband whether she had ever attempted such a thing before. The husband said she attempted a similar thing about twelve months ago, when she was brought before the magistrate at this court, who advised him to take her home with him. The chief clerk asked how the prisoner's face became so disfigured. The husband said that while under the influence of liquor a few high and his wife attacked him like a tiger. He kept her off as well as he could, but as there was a death struggle he had to strike her in self-defence. Mr. Tyrwhitt said the husband might have struck his wife somewhere else but in the eyes; but he (Mr. Tyrwhitt) should have thought there was no occasion to have struck her at all, and that he could have held her. It was a sad business, and the wife appeared to have been badly used. The prisoner said she was greatly in fault. Mr. Tyrwhitt asked the prisoner whether she drank, and she said she did. The husband said his wife was an habitual drunkard. Mr. Tyrwhitt again observed that the prisoner had been roughly used. He would remand her for a week,

and hoped she would attend to what was said to her, or she would surely come to a miserable end, self-murder being a most dreadful thing. The prisoner, whose face was much disfigured, was then remanded.

## MARLBOROUGH.

**A FIVE-DIALS' DEALER IN WATCHES AT THE POLYTECHNIC.**—A stylishly-dressed young man, who gave the name of Samuel Candlish, was charged with attempting to steal a gold watch under the following circumstances:—Mr. Henry M'Evoy, a gentleman residing at 118, Southampton-road, stated that the previous evening he was in the Polytechnic, and going from one theatre to the other, when the prisoner pressed very much against his right-hand side, whilst one or two more pressed him (prosecutor) on the other side. All at once he felt a "click" at his waistcoat, and missed his watch from his pocket. He turned to the prisoner, whose hand he had seen come from his pocket, and asked him why he had taken his watch. The prisoner answered a very indignant air, and said he was a highly respectable young man and demanded an exchange of cards. Prosecutor left him after calling the attention of a police constable to him, and took his seat. The prisoner and two other young men followed him up, and took him by the arm, and demanded satisfaction for his (prosecutor's) daring to impair the peace of the Polytechnic. The attention of the police was again called to the prisoner. The prisoner then said prosecutor was not sober, and did not know what he had said or done. Prosecutor said his watch was not "clean gone" from him, as he found it in his thigh hanging by the chain. He felt nervous and uneasy at losing his amusement. John Porter, 237 D, said prosecutor called him, and said prisoner had stolen his watch. He said the watch hanging by the chain. Prisoner said he did not touch it. On being asked for his (prisoner's) address, he gave a card, saying that he was living in Seven-dials. He at first said he was a gold lace-maker, then a gold lace embroiderer, then a gold embroiderer of belts, and afterwards that he worked at a brewer's. Witness went to his lodgings in Seven-dials, where he found nine duplicates for watches and rings, six watch-keys, and a lot of postage stamps. Prisoner also said he was a dealer in watches and chains. (Laughter.) Mr. Mansfield: Very likely, and perhaps largely so too. Inspector Steer asked for a remand, as perhaps owners might be found for the watches pawned. Mr. Mansfield remanded prisoner for a week.

## WORSHIP-STREET.

**ANY OBJECTION TO SMOKING?**—Corporal James M'Genty, of the Royal Artillery Barracks at Watney, in Essex, appeared to answer two summonses, one of which was preferred against him by Superintendent Kent of the Great Eastern Railway, for smoking in one of the carriages, and for an assault upon John Brock, of Odessa-road, Forest-gate. The summonses were heard together, and in consequence of the complaint in the assault case having an impediment in his speech, rendering it nearly inarticulate, his statement was interpreted by the Rev. Samuel Smith chaplain to the Association in aid of the Deaf and Dumb. It appeared that Brock was on the 6th inst. in the employ of a tailoring outfitter named Coria, as a "cutler out," and that while returning home accompanied by his son, a youth, in a third-class carriage of a late train on that date the defendant and others commenced smoking from pipes; that when requested by him to sign to do so, he being in ill-health from a weakness of chest and severe cough, the answer was not only continued but increased, and this to such an extent by the corporal who sat immediately opposite to him, that in a moment of irritation he snatched the pipe from his mouth and threw it out of the window. The boldness of this act disconcerted one of the smokers so much that he desisted, and put his pipe in his pocket. Defendant, however, rose from his seat in a menacing attitude, seeing which, complainant pushed him back, at the same time intimating that he should complain of his conduct at the Stratford Station. Defendant then knocked his (complainant's) hat off, seized his left arm and two fingers twisting them with such force as to occasion acute pain, and when he cried for assistance, which his son and two other persons endeavoured to render, defendant fell back dragging him (complainant) with him. After this he was released, but then and since had suffered much pain, and was quite unable to attend to his usual occupation. Complainant's son, but not any other person, corroborated this testimony. The corporal assured the magistrate that he was smoking in a respectable manner, and when on entering the carriage he put the usual question, "Any objection to smoke?" the general answer was favourable. He therefore lit his pipe, and was enjoying it when complainant made some signs and muttered something, which for anything he knew might be as much in praise of the weed as against it; when, therefore, he was unexpectedly attacked and insulted he resented it, but used no more violence than was sufficient to keep his assailant off. A witness was called, whether one of the smokers did not appear, who took side with the soldier, and related the whole affair after the same manner, adding that he considered complainant the aggressor, and therefore advised he should be given into custody. Mr. Cooke remarked that defendant had clearly committed an offence under the 6th clause of the company's regulations, and he subjected himself to a penalty of 40s. A very common error existed in the minds of a great many railway travellers, that provided smoking was not objected to by other passengers in the same carriage not any offence was committed. The public ought to know that this was otherwise. A smoker alone, or in company, in a railway carriage, with or without permission, could not be justified in the act, and if it was persisted in must take the consequences, taking all the circumstances of this present complaint into consideration, he should discharge that of the assault, and inflict a fine of 5s. and costs for the infringement of the company's rules.

## THAMES.

**DEATH IN THE POLICE CELL.**—Inspector Honey, of the K division, asked the attention of Mr. Page, the magistrate, to the first "drunken case" of the list, and reported that the subject of the charge was dead. She was a poor basket-woman, who was found drunk in Bow, opposite the church, at eight o'clock on Saturday evening. Her name was unknown, and when brought to the station she seemed very ill. A surgeon was sent for and attended, but although everything was done to relieve the woman, she died on Sunday morning at two o'clock. In answer to Mr. Page, the officials said the cause of death was supposed to be apoplexy. The woman had £5 in money upon her, and eighteen oranges in her basket, when she was taken up.

## SOUTHWARK.

**COMMITMENT OF FOUR TICKET-OF-LEAVE WOMEN FOR SHOPLIFTING.**—Mary Ann Smith, alias French, alias Scannell; Ellen Tarrant, alias Fennell; Catherine Hall; and Mary Ann Miller, fashionably-dressed females, all of whom had recently been liberated with tickets of leave, were placed at the bar before Mr. Burroughs, for final examination, charged with stealing valuable property from the shops of several tradesmen in the district of this police-court. There was rather a large assemblage of shopkeepers in attendance to identify the prisoners as having robbed them, but only three cases were selected for investigation. It appeared from the evidence of John Lewarne, 318 M, that on the 6th inst. a young man named George Tarrant was committed at this court for robbing his master, Mr. Russell, grocer, in High-street. On that examination the prisoner Ellen Tarrant was present in court, stating herself to be the young man's wife. She was, however, pointed out as one of a gang of notorious shoplifters. Consequently, she was watched by the officers. On Thursday evening, the 11th inst., Lewarne and Broderick, 210 M, saw Smith, Tarrant, and Hall together in the London-road. They followed them, and saw them enter the shop of Messrs. Greenwell in the Blackfriars-road, where they remained about ten minutes. When they came out Broderick went in and asked the manager if they had lost anything. The latter replied that he had not, but at the close of their business a silk mantle worth £5 was missed. Lewarne kept the prisoners in view and saw them enter the shop of Mr. Moring, staymaker and dealer in fancy goods, No. 8, Blackfriars-road, where they remained about a quarter of an hour. On their leaving that shop they crossed the road and entered New Southwark-street, and soon conversing together under the railway arches. Lewarne heard Smith breaking something up, and then he saw her stoop down and place something in the middle of the iron pillars, when they all returned to the Blackfriars-road. Lewarne then went to the spot under the railway arch and picked up three stay-boxes, one of which was broken up. He immediately crossed over to Mr. Moring's, where the stay-boxes were identified as having been stolen from their counter, each containing a valuable pair of stays and two bottles of scent were also missing. The officer then in company of Broderick went in pursuit of the prisoners, with the exception of Tarrant, visited a draper's shop in the Over-road, Botherside, where they stole two pieces of Coburg work. Miller was secured at the time with the property in her possession, but her companions contrived to escape. As soon as it was discovered that the other prisoners were in custody at this court Miller was transferred from Greenwell and charged with the others. Sarah Ann Edwards, assistant to Mrs.

Moring, 8, Blackfriars-road, said she recollected Smith, Hall, and Tarrant coming into their shop on the evening of Thursday, the 11th inst. They asked to look at some hair nets, and some were shown them from various boxes. After examining a great number they left the shop without making a purchase. A short time after they left she missed the boxes of stays and two bottles of scent. She identified the boxes as those which had contained the stays and the bottles of scent. Mr. Murcham asked what was known of the prisoners' previous conduct. Lewarne said that Smith had been eighteen years in prison, having only been out of custody about three months. Hall had been three times convicted. Tarrant had also been several times convicted, as well as Mr. Moring, and they were now at liberty with tickets of leave. The prisoners, who behaved in a most disgraceful manner during the examination of the witnesses, were fully committed for trial.

**A FAITHLESS LOVER.**—Soon after Mr. Woolrich had taken his seat on the bench on Monday a shrewdly-dressed, stout, elderly Irishwoman, evidently just imported from the Green Isle, entered the court and begged his honour's assistance to apprehend a man who had lately deserted her and robbed her of her wedding-ring. Applicant, who spoke the Dublin accent with extreme rapidity, said that she was a widow, and for a time time had carried on a pretty tidy business in Dublin. A short time ago she became acquainted with a middle-aged Englishman, who was working near the Four Courts, and their intimacy soon ripened into a declaration of love. He promised her marriage and everything that a lover could do, and told her that as soon as they got to England he would make her a happy woman. Last week he told her he was ordered home at once, and if she wanted to be his wife she had better make haste. She accordingly got rid of her business and disposed of all her traps, and followed him to London. She, however, soon found out, to her sorrow, after nearly all her money was gone, that he was a married man. What was a married man doing in a foreign country? Applicant said Mr. Woolrich: What is it you want me to do? Applicant: I want you to apprehend him, sir, and punish the base deserter. Mr. Woolrich: I am afraid I cannot help you. Has he obtained anything from you illegally? Applicant: Oh, yes, sir; he has obtained money from me, and got me to sell my goods. Mr. Woolrich: Where was that? Applicant: In Dublin, sir. Mr. Woolrich: Then I can't help you. Has he obtained anything from you here? Applicant: Oh, yes, to my sorrow. He has taken all sorts of things from me. He is a base wretch, and instead of being a single man he has a wife and three children. He told me he was a single man. Oh, what shall I do? I have lost my old man's wedding-ring. (Loud laughter.) I would not have lost that for the world. Mr. Woolrich: How did he take that? Applicant: Why, he stole it. Mr. Woolrich: Tell me he stole it. Applicant: Well, your worship, when we were in our lodging close by the court, he took it off my finger, and refused to give it me back again. That's a robbery I think, your honour. Mr. Woolrich: Well, I think it is, if what you say is true. The best plan is to give him into custody. Applicant: Thank you, sir, that I will immediately. She then hurriedly left the court.

**IMPUDENT ROBBERY.**—Benjamin Shaw, a smart, active-looking young fellow, was placed at the bar charged with stealing a leather bag, containing a silver tea-pot, and several silver spoons and watch cases, worth upwards of £30, from a chaise in the Blackfriars-road, the property of Mr. Joseph Simmons, watchmaker at St. Paul's place, Brixton. The prosecutor deposed that a little after eight o'clock on the previous Friday night he was driving his horse and chaise in the Blackfriars-road. The head part of the chaise was fixed up and contained among other property a leather bag, containing a silver tea-pot, a dozen silver spoons, and four watch cases, which he had brought from the engraver, and he valued them at £30 or £40. Witness had his son with him, and while driving along he heard some one running behind. His son looked round, and the tip of the chaise fell down. Witness instantly turned round, and saw the prisoner running from the back of the chaise with the leather bag in his hands. He jumped over the back of the chaise, and pursued the prisoner, and after a smart chase among different courts and alleys he succeeded in capturing him, and recovering the property. A constable then came up and he gave the prisoner into custody. The magistrate asked how the chaise bag was locked? Witness replied that it was secured with an ordinary lock, such as used for doors. It was very simple and he had no doubt it could have been opened with a common latch key. The magistrate observed that it was very foolish placing such valuable property under the protection of a lock of that sort. He asked the prisoner what he had to say in answer to the charge. He replied that he had nothing to say only he was guilty. The magistrate asked if he was known to the police. Police-constable 143 M, who took him into custody, replied that he was known to be a companion of thieves, but he did not think he had ever been convicted. The magistrate remarked that it was a very daring robbery, and he should not be doing his duty unless he punished the prisoner with the utmost severity of the law. He, therefore, sentenced him to six months' hard labour.

## LAMBETH.

**DISPERATE ASSAULT ON A PRISON WARDEN.**—Ann Johnson, a female convict under sentence of penal servitude at the Female Convict Prison, at Brixton, was charged with committing a murderous assault on Miss Julia Moseley, an assistant matron. Miss Julia Moseley, who seemed to be still suffering from the loss of blood and general debility caused by the attack, when sworn, said: I am a single woman, and assistant-matron at the Female Convict Prison, Brixton, where the prisoner is confined as a convict under a sentence of four years' penal servitude. On Thursday, the 14th of January last, at about a quarter past seven in the afternoon, I found her breaking one of the prison rules by having in her cell two lighted candles, and it was my duty to report it, and I did report her on the same day. On the following morning I was round to supply the prisoners with breakfast at their cells, and was accompanied by Melville and Collett, two other prisoners carrying the food. On getting to the prisoner's cell I unlocked the door. I was in the act of stepping to take a loaf of bread from the basket when I felt my shoulder pulled off, and I received a violent blow on the left side of my head. I did not know what I was struck with at the time, but while rising and receiving a second on the head just above my left ear and a third on the left cheek. I saw something glittering in the prisoner's hand. The prisoner at the time had a handkerchief rolled round her hand, and had her hand raised a fourth time to give me another blow, when I seized hold of her wrists with both my hands and held her. The prisoner threatened that if any one assisted she would curve them in the same way. Mr. Norton: What were the prisoners Melville and Collett doing all the time this was taking place? Witness: Melville broke her hand as if to assist me but did not do so, and merely said, "Oh, go away Miss Moseley." The prisoner, addressing them, said, "She has reported me, and this shall be the last she shall ever report." Mr. Norton: Can you explain in any way why Melville and Collett did not interfere, and prevent the prisoner from hitting you the second and third time? Witness: I cannot, sir, unless it was fear of her threats. I got away and walked to the other end of the gallery, followed by Melville and another prisoner named Davis, and found I was getting very faint from loss of blood. I was bleeding from these wounds on my head, and so rapidly did the blood flow that my clothes were saturated with blood, and the basket that contained the bread from which I was about to supply the prisoner with a loaf was soaked all over. In reply to the further questions of Mr. Norton, the witness said that when she was going away the prisoner took several loaves out of the basket and threw them at her, and that what she described as glittering in the prisoner's hand was just like what part of a clear glass bottle would be in fact, like the part of the bottle produced. About a quarter of an hour before the witness went round to serve the breakfast she saw the prisoner come out of the room of Mrs. Brown, who was her matron. At the time she carried a bag resembling a clothes bag, with something in it, and went in the direction of her own cell. It was her (the prisoner's) practice to go into Mrs. Brown's room on Monday morning to bring out the dirty clothes, but her usual time for doing so was ten o'clock. After hearing various other witnesses, Mr. Norton committed the prisoner to take her trial at the Central Criminal Court. The prisoner, it appears, has been twice sentenced to four years' penal servitude, the last time during the 18th of February, 1863. She certainly considered where she got the bottle, but it was believed that she took it from the room of Mrs. Brown.

**A FEMALE BURGLAR.**—Elizabeth Smith, alias Lincroft, a middle-aged female of rather respectable appearance, was finally examined before the Hon. G. C. Norton, on a charge of burglariously breaking and entering the dwelling-house of Mr. Julius Lewenthall, No. 4, Tharlow-terrace, Arkhamside, and stealing therefrom a quantity of linen. From the evidence it appeared that on the morning of Friday week, he went three and four o'clock the prisoner was stopped in the Oliphant-road with a large bundle, which she said she received at a house between Spoken and Ewell, and was taking it to the residence of her daughter the other side of London. On talking her to the station-house she dropped a shawl, and on the following morning the residence of the prisoner was found to have been broken into by the removal of a string iron bar from one of the kitchen windows and the property found on the prisoner's table in the scullery. It was also found that the burglary had been effected in a clever manner. The constable in charge of the case informed the magistrate that on making inquiries at Oliphant, where the prisoner lived, he found that it had been her practice to sleep all day and be out all night, and her landlady or other persons in the house had no idea how she got her living. The prisoner, who admitted having stolen the property, was fully committed for trial on the charge of burglary and robbery.



## Literature

# HIGHLAND JESSIE; OR, LOTA, THE INDIAN MAID.

A TALE OF THE GREAT INDIAN MUTINY.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

## THE END OF THE COURT-MARTIAL.

READER, if you have never assisted at a court-martial, you have avoided at least one of the miseries of this far from too happy world.

A court-martial is an institution where everybody tries to put a hundred syllables into any one little word, such, say, as "no."

Of all the immovable, stand-still, stop-where-you-are, pig-headed arrangements in the universe, the court-martial is the most immovable, the most stand-still, the most stop-where-you-are, and the most pig-headed.

It is generally supposed that nobody has yet discovered what are the precise duties to which every man who assists at this precious business is appointed.

A court-martial can be compared to nothing better than a slow walk, where the performer takes two steps forward, and one and three-quarters back again. He does get to the end of the performance at last, but it is by very slow degrees indeed.

As for the number of styles, so to speak, which get lumbered into a court-martial, no man ever yet counted them in any single case.

But the cream of court-martial is to be skimmed in India, or, rather, was to be skimmed in the old John Company days.

Questions were put to witnesses which drove them nearly mad; and the younger officers who assisted at these solemnities were in the habit of being so reduced by these serio-comic, half-and-half legal performances, that they would show genius in the discovery of motives for driving away the horrors, while elders were drowning over a series of twenty points, each of which a London magistrate would have settled on the average, in half a minute.

Just previous to the mutiny, lump-sugar loo was the favourite

game amongst the younger officers assisting at Indian court-martials.

Do you know in what lump-sugar loo consists?

It is a very simple game—any one may learn it in far less time than it takes to write about.

Provided there are files about—and of these India is never without a far from satisfactory supply—your game is certain.

Every player is provided with a bit of lump sugar, and this he sets before him.

Every man puts in a certain sum as his subscription to the pool, and the man who owns that particular lump on which a fly first settles, takes the pool.

Of course, at court-martial the play was kept under the rose.

This is how it was managed.

Every man had his sheet of paper before him, and a pen, with which to make notes of the trial.

Very well, he made notes of the play instead.

Of course no money could pass, and so an account was kept on the foolscap paper, and the players settled up afterwards.

It really looked very well.

Take, for instance, Captain Cobb: he would be writing, and with such an air that you might suppose he was about to put a question to the judge. Now, on the contrary, he had written "Smirkey Jones—one," or "Long-legs Curtis—a single."

Perhaps all this was not very satisfactory to the prisoner; but, then, in nineteen cases out of twenty, in spite of all the questioning, everybody knew the whole business would end in a reprimand.

I, for one, cannot strongly condemn the court-martial lump-sugar loo. Possibly, it saved some nervous young men from going mad. Could you, dear reader, have stood such a performance as this?

Judge-Advocate (to witness): When you were at Bareilly, on the 27th of June last, did you, or did you not, render yourself liable to military arrest, in consequence of some action the exact particulars of which may not be in the possession of the court, but which the court have reason to believe took place nevertheless; or, if you did not render yourself liable to such military arrest, are you aware of any rumour at Bareilly, on the 27th of June last, to the effect that you had then and there rendered yourself liable to military arrest?

Witness: No.

Judge-Advocate: Did you, on the 27th of Bareilly—that is, at June—I mean, did you, at Bareilly, on the 27th of June last, visit Captain Smithson at his bungalow? or, if you did not, did you make any statement to any one that you were going to visit Captain Smithson on the 27th of June last at his bungalow?

Witness: No.

Judge-Advocate: Can you prove that?

Witness: Yes.

Judge-Advocate: Previously warning you that at some early period you may appear at a court-martial in a more objectionable character than that of a witness, I must inquire of you can you prove your assertions?

Witness: Yes.

Judge-Advocate: Again warning you to be careful in your replies, and entreating you to be cautious and not involve yourself in a dilemma, I ask you to prove your assertions.



SIKHS OF THE PUNJAB FORCE. (See page 590.)



SIKH MAGNATES. (See page 590.)



Witness: I never was at Bareilly in all my life.

Judge-Advocate: Oh!

Witness: And on the 27th of last June I was on furlough—out of India altogether, and taking sea-bathing at Torquay, Devonshire, England.

Judge-Advocate: Oh!

Now a quick police-magistrate would have put all this unnecessary examination down by the two inquiries—"Were you ever at Bareilly?" and "Where were you on the 27th of last June?"

But perhaps I have said enough upon courts-martial in general, and may as well come to one in particular. Of course, I refer to young Job's.

When he was marched off to "chokey," which, as I have before observed, is the army and navy vernacular for "prison," the united services disguising that word exactly after the fashion of the inmates of a union poor-house, who always call that cheerful establishment a "college"—when, I repeat, young Job was marched off to chokey, he kept as stiff an upper lip as any big man's in the Residency; but I believe I am betraying no military confidence when I state that he had a private howl when he found himself quite alone and locked up with that energy that it might have been supposed an arch enemy of the English had been dropped down upon, and not a poor little devil of a drummer-boy, pounced upon for tapping the ass skin at improper times.

Poor little beggar! He was only between twelve and fourteen; and you may depend upon it at that age it is rather hard to be marched off to prison in the midst of big men.

Well, and what did everybody in the Residency say about it? Things so far were not in such a state of misery that there was no occasion left towards conversation.

Some people pitied the little fellow, and others were very hard

military discipline is military discipline, and, sir, it must be maintained, sir, come what may, sir. Shoot the boy, sir—shoot the boy, and then we shall have nothing of the sort again, sir! Discipline, sir; in all my long experience of the military life I've found but one philosophy, sir—discipline, and stick to it."

Many of our own old friends—for you, reader, have now known the 3—th for some months—many of our old friends looked upon the affair from a kinder point of view.

They granted the seriousness of the offence, but they were not for a sepy kind of revenge.

As for Phil Effingham, when he heard of the circumstances through and through, he screwed up his face in an odd way, and appeared to be amused; and, indeed, Mrs. O'Gog, then and there present, challenged him to deny that he was thinking "the devil of a boy had just done what his father had never done before him."

Phil Effingham did not accept the challenge. You know that Phil Effingham did not dislike women, but it is just possible he had seen so much of the wrong side, the rough ends, of womanhood, that he was habitually at a friendly kind of open war with them. It is just possible he was tickled at the idea of a bit of a boy putting down a horrid old shrew.

Mrs. O'Gog said, "Sure, what's to be done? They won't hurt the boy—will they, now?"

And then the dear old Irishwoman entrenched pardonably upon the hospital stores under her command, and sent the poor boy a handsome cut of semolina pudding, with an avalanche of quivering currant jelly on the top of it.

The good woman, perhaps, knew that the way to the heart of a boy is generally through his stomach.

And, indeed, I think it was after eating this refection, which,

ken gat a bullet in her body, it wadna' be me wad drap sin tear o'er her grave!"

Then Jessie's face came back to something like May weather again—say, May with one thundercloud in it—as she said, "Weel, weel, 'tis nae mair nair a prudent person might expect. The woman's ne'er happy except when she's throng wi' the de'il."

Then she said she would go and see the lad; but here her prudence overcame her good-heartedness, and prompted her to stay in camp. Her argument was this—that she could do the boy no good, and herself some harm, by, perhaps, coming in contact with that woman—"Wha," said Jessie, "I canna' but suppose will ha' sufficient Christianity to be as near to the lad as possible."

But there Jessie was wrong.

Mrs. Fisher was too selfish to be tender, even when her life had arrived at such a pass as hers.

She stopped in camp, jerking rather than nursing little Jerry, and looking very much like a frightened old cat. She felt for the boy—but then it was in a way of her own; and it was such a way, that when Obby and Nebby huddled together and chattered their teeth, filled with horror as they were at the dreadful sight they had witnessed of their big brother being walked off by the picket, she squealed out to them not to be wicked, and think of their poor brother; on which parental advice their terror broke out into sobs, and huddling still closer together, the poor little motherless beggars yelped themselves to sleep.

For my part, I wonder Jubelina was not torn to pieces that night. I think, seriously, that little Jerry saved her. If so, he was a martyr of a boy without knowing it; returning good for evil equally with the best Christian in this very jolly world.

There—for the time being, there was not a sergeant's wife! the whole 3—th but quite emulated Jubelina in shrewdom.



SIKH CAVALRY. (See page 590.)

upon him. These latter were mostly fools, or leaning that way. Your fool is generally a more or less cruel man, from one or more causes. Either a mistaken sense of duty makes him merciless, or he can't comprehend that mercy which has been shown to him, or—where lies the need of moralising on this point? Suffice it to say that some pitied and some blamed young Job, and the latter were more or less fools.

Miss Wilhelmína Skeggs, for instance, who had been so frightened that she had leaped from her bed, and bruised her shins over the family perambulator, which Miss S. had brought into camp with her, having enough dignity left, even on that terrible 30th of May, not to fall so low as to carry the baby, she (Miss P.), being a lady's-maid, and not a baby's-maid—Miss Wilhelmína said—

"Which he oughter be shot, Miss Mallory—a frightin' hevery-body, and my legs in that condition. I feels hactially degraded, which from feeling like the wife of a common pussion who have been struck, Mrs. Mallory—and what with it, and finding not a bit o' plain starch in this hijus place, have nearly been the death of me."

Young O'Rackie, whose performances in the brandy line were notorious, said, "D—d—damn him! S—s—scrag him!"

And being asked civilly why he proposed such a summary punishment, he replied with that remarkable perspicacity of his, "W—why, d—d—don't you see?—then he c—c—can't do it again!"

Old General Mole considered the case met by shooting the boy.

"Confound it, sir," said the General Mole, who so far was courageous, seeing all the bitter beer was not gone, nor his money, which he carefully laid out (not himself), exhausted—"confound it, sir,

gool as it was, tasted bitter in "chokey," that young Job had that awful howl, which, he told his father in confidence, next day, made both his sides ache as though "he'd been a fightin' with Joe Smith, and got the wast of it."

"Sure, what can ye do for the boy?" asked Mrs. O'Gog of her military leader.

"Well," said the colonel, "the devil a bit I know what I can do."

"Anyhow, colonel, ye'll do your best now?"

"Bedad, I will, Melia, then," said the colonel; and thereupon 'Melia herself made him a glass of cold brandy-and-water.

As for Sir Olive St. Maur, he heard of the arrest, and forgot all about it the next moment. In his grief he was selfish, as most men are. His heart was so full of his own trouble, it could, so far, admit no pity for the wretchedness of others.

The impossibility to move, to act, to get nearer the end of his suspense, was killing him. Haggard, wretched, silent, sullen, he was so changed, that those who remembered the brilliant, shining, dashing Olive St. Maur looked upon that officer as dead. It is hard, indeed, to outlive your identity.

Ensign Pops said, in reference to young Job, "Give him a lick over the ear, and let him go."

And Ensign Swillingby backed the recommendation, adding, "And then give the beggar ten rupees."

But it was, of course, amongst his own class that young Job's trouble produced the most effect.

For instance, take Jessie Macfarlane.

When that kind-hearted, cautious young lassie heard of the business, for once she looked ugly, as she said, "Gin a body as I

"Tear her eyes out," "Shake her head off," "Knock her down and trample on her"—these were the kind proposals made by the ladies in question in reference to Jubelina Electrina. There was no doubtful name by which she was not called that night; there was no disparaging remark of a general character which was not showered upon her.

In fact, it was a regular panic of anger. The mildest of women would have been ashamed that night of her good temper if she had kept it.

But nobody went near Jubelina. There she sat in her tent, poor creature, getting more and more bilious and yellow every moment.

Nobody came near her, for the woman was now held in horror.

I have written lightly of this woman, but the fact stands that her class is the greatest and most lasting torture under which men can exist.

Nobody came near her, and so she passed the night shivering and jerking little Jerry.

She and the children alone occupied the tent. Old Job—Sergeant Fisher, in more military words—had got up and followed the picket, and I do firmly believe that, when he saw Mrs. O'Gog's orderly carrying that semolina pudding, and learnt its destination, the poor sergeant felt those lumps of emotion which we find situated in the human throat rise against his regulation stock.

Poor old boy, he went round and round about the "chokey" all that night.

The fellows he saw were very kind to him, more or less. He had tobacco offered him half a score of times, and one full private offered him an old wooden pipe—to keep; and only those who



know the value a full private sets upon an aged pipe can appreciate the splendour of the offered gift.

The sergeant waved the present off with a good-natured shake of the hand, and then he continued his dismal walk round about his son's prison. Somehow the boy had crept into his heart more thoroughly than his other children. Yet he was an honest man and father. Whether or not his preference arose from the sympathy the boy, as the eldest, had with him in the matter of Jubelina's temper, it is certain it existed. Perhaps, too, the boy's pleasant, open, patient face had a good deal to do with this bit of favoritism; and I throw out this supposition, because I know his pleasant looks had made the boy a general favourite in his regiment.

Never once did Sergeant Fisher turn his steps towards his tent. He was a brave man, but he was afraid to go home.

He felt he could not be sure of himself if he began to break out in the usual style. He was afraid of himself. He had never raised his hand against her, though Jubelina had often pushed him forward to the edge of that precipice of manly degradation; but so far, he was stainless of this crime.

Once, say twice, during that night, a sentry heard him say in a low voice, "Lead us not into temptation."

Those were all the words he said that night during his watch, for he did not answer Tim Flat, who came lumbering up with some awkward consolation.

He shook the honest corporal by the hand, and turned away. As for Tim, he had arrived with an idea, and he had no second of departing without converting it into fact.

The question stood, which was the spot where they had "shoved" the boy. I use his own verb.

At last, he pitched upon that which Tim Flat thought was a likely window, and then, like Blondel of lion-hearted memory, he prepared to turn the idea into fact.

He turned up, and then began that well-known vocal effort, "There's a good time coming, boys, wait a little longer."

This he sang, cutting off the "s" at the end of "boys," to make his serenade more appropriate, and winding up with this variety, "There's a good time coming, Job—and won't be in chokey much longer."

Then Tim went to tent with the consciousness of having done a good thing; whereas, in fact, he had been performing under the window of a gentleman, who had only restrained himself from getting up and emptying the water-jug on the serenader by the doubt whether if he did so he should get any more—for water in the Residency was already becoming precious.

But Tim knew nothing of that—and, indeed, if we always learnt the news of our failures life would not be worth a farthing's rushlight.

Well, the morning broke, the drum-head court-martial was formed, and poor young Job was brought up for trial.

The sergeant might have been present, but he was too sick at heart for that. He kept outside the tent, sickening more like a woman than a man—perhaps, because he knew the boy had no mother and because he wished to play the part of one.

There was no lump-sugar too at that court-martial.

The times were changing, had changed, and most men in India professing to be soldiers were military men in the fairest sense of that word.

And now, patient reader, if you think you are going to assist at that court-martial, I beg at once to undeceive you.

It would be too dreary a recital.

There stood young Job, as stiff as a ramrod. He was at first a little afraid and down-hearted when glancing amongst the assembled red-coats he did not see his father; but thereupon the lad plucked up courage, and, to use a plain figure of speech, stood on his own feet.

This happened just as the father had thought.

The sergeant said to Tim Flat—"Tim, I shan't go in—or the boy may break down."

The sergeant did not add, "And by the great Ram-Jam, blessed if I don't think I should break down, too."

This latter sentiment he kept buttoned up in his heart, underneath his broad red coat—where, of course, the organ in question was to be found.

Tim Flat assisted at this court-martial, and for a moment he had an insane idea of again assuring young Job, in *soft* voice, that "a good time was coming." He restrained himself, however, and consequently, was not turned out, arrested, or otherwise degraded.

The evidence went dead against young Job.

He had been taken red-handed—in the fact.

He did not deny the accusation.

And he only put one plea in his own favour.

"So please you," said he, saluting like a veteran (which he was in worry)—"so please you, I couldn't help it."

Well, that was logic which could be held nowhere.

It was going very badly for young Job.

Meanwhile, old Job was marching up and down disconsolately.

And he was so disconsolate that his salute was quite mechanical when Sir Henry Lawrence passed.

Sir Henry had, in the ordinary course, been informed of the false alarm on the previous night, and had been told that the whole resulted from some accident on the part of a drummer-boy.

He had almost forgotten the affair, having more serious business to think about, as he was taking his ordinary morning stroll.

This stroll of his had two objects: the one, the maintenance of health; the second, the exercise of that wise policy on the part of rulers which prompts them to mingle with the people over whom they hold sway.

Upon his face there was a pleasant, satisfied look that morning, for he had received despatches of a most satisfactory nature—no other than those which assured the Chief Commissioner of the loyalty of the Sikhs (s).

Sir Henry passed into the court.

The sergeant continued marching up and down, round and round. Outwardly he showed few signs of emotion—your true Englishman would rather die than betray his feelings in public; but

(c) THE SIKHS AND THE REVOLT.—The position adopted by the Sikhs at first was doubtful. We were soon assured of their fidelity by the news that "strict orders had been issued by the King of Delhi to the Hindoo-stance soldiery to slay all the Sikhs who were met with; even men who from their countenances might be supposed to be Punjabees were ordered to be slaughtered." At Benares, indeed, one Sikh regiment mutinied; but it would appear that they took part in the mutiny with considerable hesitation, for they did not turn upon their officers until they had been ordered to load their muskets to coerce the 84th Regiment already in revolt. The treasury and the lives of the civilians were saved by a Sikh prisoner, who their rebellious brethren had been cut up. At Jullunder, a portion of the native Sikh troops broke out, and after wounding a few persons and losing twelve of their own number, made off in the direction of Phillour, crossing the Sutlej a few miles above that place. They were pursued by a squadron of cavalry some European foot and guns, and a body of horsemen belonging to the Allowalia Rajah. All the Sikhs belonging to each corps remained staunch. The native troop of artillery behaved throughout in the most admirable manner, firing on the mutineers and maintaining unflinching fidelity. At Jhanas, however, the Sikhs turned against us, and this was fortunate, for the Sikhs are the most warlike people of India. At the same time they are the strongest and most enduring, to say nothing of the fact that they are extremely handsome, and magnificently dressed. We present an illustration which will give some idea of their horsemanship. It will also be seen that the infantry are extremely fine men. But the perfection of Sikh splendour is to be found in the Sikh magnates, who, beyond any question, are some of the finest men in the world. Our engraving gives a faint idea of their characteristics.

you can't hide pallor, and, to confess the truth, the sergeant was something of the colour of bad cream.

He was still marching, when something touched him on the elbow.

What was it that brought the colour back to old Job's face?

"Hullo, father!"

It was the poor boy—free.

I need not stop here to tell how that freedom had been brought about.

By a chance, Sir Henry wandered into the court-house, made himself acquainted in no time with the facts of the case, pitied the boy, and worked so well that he was liberated.

Now, I believe that sergeant would have liked to take the boy up in his big arms and hug him.

But that would not have been discipline.

So he said, "Hullo, Job!"

"How do yer do, father?"

"I'm tidy, Job; and how's yourself?"

"I'm all right, father."

Then there was a pause.

It was a long pause.

And it was Fisher who spoke first.

"Shall we go home, Job?"

And now it was that Fisher's eyes fell before his son's. Even discipline could not keep up before that suggestion.

"If you like, father," said the boy.

And so father and son turned homewards, both as upright as any amount of drill could make them. The boy looked like his father seen through the small end of an opera-glass.

"Job!"

"Yes, father."

"Dooty's dooty, my boy."

"Yes, father."

"And affection is affection."

"Yes, father."

"And love yer mother, neversumless."

Here young Job appeared to swallow something.

Having quite swallowed it, he said, "Y-s, father."

The fact is, his heart was swelling to that degree that he had no power to say anything else.

"Young Job."

"Yes, father."

"Which patience is a virtue, and you a virtuous lad."

"Yes, father."

"And I'll go in first."

"Yes, father."

"And which, then, as likewise in dooty bound, you will say, How do you do, mother?"

"Oh, yes, father."

"And which then, as in dooty of affection bound, you—you will shake hands with Obby and Nobby, and you will kiss the baby."

And it was at this point that young Job began puckering up his lips in a manner which betokened that his outward calmness was assumed.

However he managed to say, "Yes, father."

"And then you'll sit down, my boy, and—try and be happy, for dooty is dooty, which every one do know, and yours it is, and mine it is, why dootiful to be."

Not much, these words, but where had Sergeant Fisher learnt their spirit?

I can't say for certain, but I think he had found the spirit in question on his two handsome knees.

No more was said.

Father and son walked bolt upright and dignified to the camp of Jubelina.

Not even the "hooray" of Tim Flat, who, after rushing to camp to carry the news, had rushed back to receive the father and son with sounds of joy, could create any emotion on the face of the boy.

When they were nearing the tent young Job dropped into the rear, and the sergeant, quite understanding the argument, lifted the curtains, and appeared before Jubelina.

One scream like that of a peacock announced she had recognised her Job.

Meanwhile young Job stood at "attention."

He stood looking straight before him at nothing at all, which is the perfection of "attention."

He took no notice of Tim Flat, who, coming up, slapped him on the shoulder and said, "Didn't I tell ye a good time was coming, boy?"

At last, a reasonable time being past, young Job made for the domestic tent.

As he entered, another scream announced another reception.

"How do you do, father?"

"Quite well, my boy; how do you do?"

"Quite well, father. How do you do, mother?"

"Y-o-o-o-o!" said that dear woman, shrieking to Fisher to take the baby; and it is due to her to say that she gave young Job a tremendous hugging.

Only unfortunately it does not follow that hugging is love.

Young Job was adamant.

He stood bolt upright, and took his mother's embraces at "attention."

She had hardened his heart so effectually in the course of years, that her tears could not soften it.

"Job," says she, in a very soft voice—for her, "come yere, and kiss the baby."

Job went still in a disciplinary state.

Having kissed the baby, he says, "Please, where's Obby, and where's Nobby?"

"Gone out, my own dear, darling boy," says Jubelina, squeezing her own dear darling boy very hard indeed, but all to no purpose; for, had she been ever so minded, she could have wrung no tenderness out of him.

"Where have my brothers gone to?" he says—and here there is a slight quivering of the muscles of the mouth.

"Gone out with that —" Here Mrs. F drew herself in. "Gone out for a stroll with Jessie Macfarlane, my dear darling boy!"

"And will my brothers be long?"

"Sit down and wait," said the father.

This the boy immediately did.

And no silence fell upon the little tent.

She stood it very well—for her—for some minutes, and then she began to swell in the ordinary gobbling manner.

And there is no knowing where the scene would have ended, only just as she was about to break out, in came Jessie, with the two children.

Jessie's kindness had overcome her Scotch prudence, and she had come down to console with the sergeants, and had volunteered to take the boys out before the sun became too hot.

No sooner did Obby and Nobby detect young Job than, stretching out their chubby little arms, they rushed upon their hero with many wild cries of hideous delight.

And then it was that young Job gave all his manhood to the winds, and the howlings of tearful joy those three young people made were indescribable.

But there was a fourth performer (in a quiet way) in this sentimental business, and as was no other than Sergeant Fisher himself.

And now that everything was comfortable, Mrs. Fisher came back to a knowledge of what was expected of her.

"Take my Jerry."

Nobody did.

"Oh, take my child!"

Nobody did.

And thereupon the inestimable woman began to let the dear boy slip off her lap.

Thereupon, the prudent Jessie Macfarlane thought it time to take "my Jerry."

And, now, Mrs. Fisher deliberately turned all manner of colours, and sent her body back into a half-moon. Then she clenched her teeth and hands, shut her eyes, and went cold all over.

This was her way of welcoming her son. She could not avoid being selfish, and in the highest degree.

"Shall I fetch the doctor?" said Fisher.

"Eh, mon, ye may," said Jessie; "and may be he'll bleed her."

And as Jessie sits nursing little Jerry while Fisher has run for the doctor, the Scotch lass wonders where her little Arthur is at this moment.

Cautious and calm by nature as she is, how would she carry herself if told that at about that hour the little boy Arthur is destined to be bound to the mouth of a rebel cannon, and his little body shot into space?

(To be continued in our next.)

## THE NEW MEXICAN EMPEROR.

The *Memorial Diplomatique* says:—

"While the Mexican deputation are engaged in receiving the complement of the votes collected by the Ayuntamiento of the principal cities, the Archduke and Archduchess Maximilian will go to take leave of the Belgian royal family, and pay a visit to the two Courts of the Tuilleries and Windsor. The Princess Charlotte has already left Miramar, and will await the archduke at Brussels, where his highness is expected on Monday evening or Tuesday morning next. They will quit the Belgian capital together, and reach Paris on Thursday. Their imperial highnesses will alight at the Tuilleries and occupy the Pavilion Marsan, on the express invitation of the Emperor Napoleon. If no unforeseen circumstances arise, the archduke and archduchess will cross the Channel and reach Windsor at the same time as the King of the Belgians, to be present at the baptism of the infant Duke of Cornwall, which ceremony is fixed for the 10th of next month. On quitting England their imperial highnesses will return direct to Vienna, where the official reception of the Mexican deputation will take place. Immediately the deputation shall have received the formal assent of his apostolic majesty it will proclaim the accession of Maximilian I in the name of the Mexican people. The Emperor and Empress of Austria, as well as the other members of the imperial family, will go to Trieste to witness the departure of the new sovereigns for Vera Cruz. Their passage will be made on board the steam frigate *Elizabeth*, in which the archduke made his first voyage to Brazil. Before finally quitting Europe their Mexican majesties will touch at Olvita Vecchia, whence they propose to proceed by land to Rome to seek the Pontifical benediction upon the mission which they go to fulfil."

## PUBLIC FEELING IN COPENHAGEN.

The following is an extract from a private letter, dated Copenhagen, February 9th, describing the manner in which the news of the retreat of the army was received in that capital:—

"And now a few lines to tell you a little of the sad state of things here. You have no doubt seen in the English papers that the 'Danish army had evacuated the Danewerke and retreated to another fortification.' This might not seem so very dreadful to you; but no words can describe the miserable sensation such intelligence occasioned here. On Saturday morning a telegram announced that 'the Germans had possession of the Danewerke.' This was bad enough, and every body looked grave and solemn; but when the next telegram announced 'the Danes had retreated,' the excitement and rage of the people knew no bounds. John and I were walking down the street in which the King lives (knowing nothing of this sad news) and saw Dutzac, the French minister, with two other gentlemen standing on the pavement, gesticulating violently as we passed them. I could only hear, 'Mais, Monsieur, je ne comprends pas' (But, sir, I cannot understand it). A little farther on another little knot of great men—Count Daniskold and others, looking and talking as if the world had come to an end. A few yards further we found a man distributing telegrams to little crowds of eager faces, and so we reached home a little after five o'clock. At half-past six, just as we had begun dinner, Jansen, our factotum, appeared at the door with such a face. 'What's the matter now, Jansen?' said we both, with open mouths and knife and fork in hand. 'Oh, sir, there'll be such a rising to-night; Bredgade is quite full of people, and they swear they will have the King's life. The Life Guards are called out, and what will happen no one can tell.' Well, we told him to go and hear all he could, and come in again in an hour. We finished our dinner, with rather diminished appetites, and had scarcely done so when fearful shouts announced the approach of the mob. Of course we turned down the gas and rushed to the windows, and on they poured in streams, shouting, yelling, &c. 'Down with the German,' meaning the King, who they thought at that time had been cognisant of the retreat, and betrayed his country into the hands of the Germans. The mob was on its way to the Prime Minister's house when they broke all his windows, and not finding him, returned past our house again to Bredgade, where a frightful scene took place. The Life Guards were obliged to charge with naked sabres, the people using large stones, with which they wounded fourteen policemen (five very seriously), and several of the guards. This went on till three in the morning, when things subsided till Sunday evening, when another scene of the same kind took place; but instead of using bayonets and guns, the authorities had fire engines brought out, from which they pumped water on the crowd. Yesterday and to-day have been quiet; explanations have taken place; the principal generals have been recalled, and every one says they will forfeit their lives for what they have done; but I hope they will be able to prove they could not help it. But the fact is, patriotism is such an absorbing passion of these people that I believe they would lose relatives and fortune rather than yield an inch of their country or a title of their country's honour. Among the better classes the effect of what they consider so disgraceful an affair is something terrible to witness. You cannot speak to a gentleman or lady but the tears are in their eyes, and they look as thoroughly dejected as if they had lost their all on earth. We were engaged to two dinner parties this week. Of course both are put off, and misery is the order of the day."

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Printed for the Proprietors, GEORGE W. M. REYNOLDS of No. 41, Webster-square, and JOHN DICKS of No. 313, Strand, by the said John Dicks, at No. 313, Strand, and published by him at the Office, No. 313, Strand.—Saturday, February 27, 1864.

